## *Books Sold by* William Whitwood *in* Duck-Lane.

M. Juniani Juſtini ex Trogi Pompeii Hiſtoriis Externis Libri 44. ad fidem quam diligentiſſimè Ex variorum Exemplarium Collatione Recenſita & Caſtigata, 1686.

*Ovid's* Heroical Epiſtles, tranſlated into *Engliſh*, and illuſtrated with Twenty four Cuts, curiouſly engraved on Copper-Plates.

The Hiſtory of the damnable Life, and deſerved Death, of Dr. *John Fauſtus*, the Famous Conjurer of *Germany*, newly Printed according to the Corrected Copy, from *Fanckfort* in *Germany*.

The *Spaniſh* Hiſtory, or a Relation, of the Differences that happened in the Court of *Spain*, between *Don John* of *Auſtria* and Cardinal *Nitard*, with other Tranſactions of that Kingdom; together, with all the Letters, Politick Diſcourſes, Decrees, and other publick Acts, that paſſed between Perſons of the higheſt Quality, relating to thoſe Affairs.

A Collections of Apothegms, or Sayings of the Antients, Collected from *Plutarch*, *Diogines*, *Laertius*, *Elian*, *Athenæus*, *Stobeus*, *Macrobius*, *Eraſmus*, and others: Wherein the Manners, and Cuſtoms, of the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Lacedæmonians*, are Repreſented

Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Philoſophy, Moral and Natural, together with the uſe that there is to be made thereof. Treating of the *Ægyptians*, *Arabians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, &c. *Philoſophers*, as *Thales*, *Zeno*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Ariſtotle*, *Epicurus*, &c. Alſo the *Engliſh*, *German*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, &c. As *Bacon*, *Boyle*, *Des Cartes*, *Hobbs*, *Van-Helmont*, *Gaſſendus*, *Gallilæus*, *Harvey*, *Paracelſus*, *Mercennus*, *Digby*. Written in *French* by Monſieur *Rapine*, and Tranſlated by *A. Lovell*.

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# Reflections

ON

Several of Mr. *DRYDEN*'s

# PLAYS.

PARTICULARLY,

The FIRST and SECOND Part

OF THE

# CONQUEST

OF

# GRANADO.

*Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille Togatas?*
*Hic Elegos?* ——— Juven.

By *E. Settle* Gent.

*LONDON*,
Printed for *William Whitwood*, in *Duck-Lane*, 1687.

Gift of
Ernest Blaney Dane

# THE PREFACE.

*CAsting my Eye upon a Pamphlet entitled* Notes and Observations on the Empress of Morocco; *and finding no Authors name to it, I used my best indeavour to get that knowledge by my Examination of the Style, which the unkind Printer had denied me. But that information was quickly obtain'd: For perusing but the First Page of the Preface, and finding such an Appellation as* [Arrogant Upstart and Illiterate Scribler,] *with this Allusion at the Tail on't,* [ This Fellow comes amongst the Poets like one of the Earth-born Brethren, and his first busines in the World is to Attacque and Murder all his Fellows; ] *I presently recollected the same Fancy, spoken on the same subject, in the Epilogue to* Cambyses.

Like th' Issue of the Dragons Teeth, one Brother
In a Poetick fury falls on th' other.

*In the next Page I find him strutting, and impudently comparing himself to* Ben Johnson. [ I knew that to write against him was to do him too much honour: But I consider'd Ben *Johnson* had done it before to Decker our Authors Predecessor, *&c.*]

*And thereupon with very little Conjuration, by those three remarkable Qualities of* Railing, Boasting *and* Thieving *I found a* Dryden *in the Frontispiece. Then going through the Preface, I observ'd the drawing of a Fools Picture to be the design of the whole piece, and reflecting on the Painter I consider'd, that probably his Pamphlet might be like his Plays, not to be written without help. And according to expectation I discovered the Author of* Epsome-Wells, *and the Author of* Pandion *and* Amphigenia *lent their assistance. How! Three to One thought fit and Three Gentlemen of such disagreeing Qualifications in one Club: The First a Man that has had wit, but is past it; the Second that has it, if he can keep it, and the Third that neither has, nor is ever like to have it. Then boldly on I went, and fortified with patience (as I found it requir'd) for a full perusal, I wonderd the less at t'e Deformity of the piece, when such different hands went to the composure. The first of these is the only person that pretends an injury receiv'd from a satyrick Line or two in the* Epistle *to* Morocco: *Such as the Author never design'd*

*design'd for a particular reflection, and such as I am sure* Elkanah *would have thank'd him for, provided like them, as they had been true, they had been harmless too. And consequently I conclude him the promoter of so ill-natur'd, and so scurrulous a retort. The Second I suppose only putting his Comical hand to the work, to help forward with the mirth of so ridiculous a Libel: and the Third perhaps out of a Vain Glory of being in Print, knowing himself to be so little a Reptile in Poetry, that bee's beholding to a Lampoon for giving the world to know, that there is such a writer in being. Some have advised me in answering these* Notes, *to retort upon all Three: But that would be a tedious work, besides the inconvenience of it. The two last had not the same ends in writing, nor are they so fair marks as the First, One having no Heroicks in Print, and the other such as cannot well be Attacqued; his Plays being fortified against Objections. For like the Leper that from Head to Foot was all Deformity, I defie any man to meet with above one fault in a whole Play of his. And therefore in defending* Elkanahs *writings, to examine His, I think not worth the while, a whole Play being too long for a Repartee. But in taking* Elkanahs *part, I answer but half the Pamphlet: For through the piece I find the whole Town censur'd; at lest all that have seen that Play, being by the modest* Commentatour *Dignified by the Title of* Town-Fops and City Fools, *this wholesome advice being given you in the Preface,* [It will be for the benefit of Mankind to observe what People frequent this Play, that men of common sense may know whom to shun.] *Now the calling all Mankind Fools, one would think were the boldest Drydenism that e're came in Print. But to convince you that there's worse behind, this Rude, unmannerly, ill-bred, sawcy and over-grown Rayler cannot forbear calling the Ladies Fools too, when he says,* [I am not ignorant that his admirers, who are most commonly Women, will resent this ill, *&c.*] *If therefore through the Examination of his* Notes, *I reply in his Dialect, and use that* Billingsgate *Style, which is but Aping of him, and much against my own nature, I declare that 'tis a Language that his Unimitable Impudence more than his Quarrel with* Morocco, *or his Abuses on the Author have extorted from me.*

The Reader is desired to take notice in the following Discourse, that all Lines with this Mark ——"—— before them are Mr. *Drydens*; taken out of several of his *Poems*: And all Discourse in an Italick Character within these Figures [ ] are His words in his *Notes* upon *Morocco*, or in his *Conquest of Granada*.

ACT.

## ACT The First.

*Condemned to Fetters and to Scepters borne.*

[ *Here the first accusation is writing Non-sence in the first Line; Alass poor* Elkanah. Muly Labas *in Chains, Before he is in Swadling-Cloaths, in Fetters before he is born.* ] Now with *Reverence* would I ask Mr. *Dryden* (amongst all his *undeniable Laws* of *Action, Time* and *Place*, those *infallible guides* of *Poetry*, in which he has done *Reason* to himself, and *Honour* to the World, in being that *Kind Great Master* to the *Minor Poets*) by what *Rule* Men are obliged to reflect on their *past State*, before their *present*. And how is it Non-sence to name what *is*, before we mention what *was*. How many Examples of this kind occurr in Common Discourse, as we say *Bred and Born, Men and Angels*. Besides, I think *Muly Labas* may say I *am condemned* to *Fetters* and *am* [ *not was* ] *born* to *Scepters*, for Men say in the *Present Tense* they are *born* to such or such an *Estate*, till they are in *possession* of it; But I perceive *Mr. Dryden* is so little obliged to *Birth-right*, and so weakly intitled to *Patrimonies*, that 'tis very pardonable in him to mistake in an expression of this kind: Nay, he's so far from a Guilt in this, that were he to discribe himself, I doubt not but he'd tell you what he *has been*, before what *he is*, *viz.* that he once could write an *Indian Emperour*, and a *Tyrannick Love*: But now *by his own confession* in his *Epilogue* to *Granada*,

"*When Forty comes if e're he Lives to see*
"*That wretched Fumbling Age of Poetry.*

Where by the way you must know he was *Eight and Thirty Years Old* when he wrote that, and 'tis now *Three Years* since the writing: you must then expect now no more of that Stamp, his last fury being spent in his *Love in a Nunnery*. And to convince you of this truth, he is now grown as *Ill-natur'd* as *Old Women* in their *decay* of *Beauty*, who make it their business to rail against all that's young. Thus the best Title he can allow this *Stripling Poet*, is to call him [ *Great Boy* ] and indeed that is his Fault, if it be one. To be but a few Years past Twenty, and to show how much he thinks him a *Boy*, as one not able to answer for himself; he quibbles upon his *God-Fathers*, and at every pinch to make out a *feeble Jest*, he cryes [ *Oh* Elkanah. *well said* Elkanah, *read Philosophy* Elkanah, ] As if he supposed the *Reader* would be infinitely taken with the Novelty of such a Name as *Elkanah*. But hold what have I done! Indeed I was too much to blame to tell the World he is *Old!* When Mr. *Dryden*, as he has declared himself, designes to please none but his *fair Admirers*, the *Female* part of his Audience; and for them to know he is in *Years* is very *severe*, however, in the same *Epilogue* he answers for himself and says:

"*But yet he hopes he's young enough to Love.*

*To in this Garb unhappy Princes mourn*

To pass by his Impertinent question, [ *are Fetters, the Crape or the Purple that Princes mourn in,* ] here he says [ *Muly Labas confesses himself a man of mean Courage;* ]

and his reason is this, because if a man *mourns* or *complains*, he must be a *Coward*. Now whether he takes *mourning* for *blubbering* or *bowling* I cannot tell, but certainly to make a *Prince sad* and *concern'd* for a *King* and *Fathers* unjust *displeasure*; his being the cause of a *Mistriss* Imprisonment, and the occasion of a *War* between her *Father* and his, might be pardonable in any mans writings; but he who dares reflect on Mr. *Dryden*. But he is so far from being a *Coward* that others think the *Poet* in the whole Speech proves the quite contrary, and wonder Mr. *Dryden* should be so ill a Judge.

*Yet Fortune to great Courages is kind:*
*'Tis he wants Liberty whose Soul's confin'd;*
*My thoughts out-fly* &c——

[*Great Courages are here the same thing with unconfin'd Souls*; *and the sense is*, *Great Courages or unconfin'd Souls are unconfin'd by the kindness of Fortune*; *that is*, *Great Courages are valiant by chance or by good luck*.] Now every man but our *Commentator*, that is every *Rational* man, and one that had but *Brains* enough to carry the Sence of *two Lines* in his head, would have construed it thus, yet *Fortune* that reduces *Princes* to *Fetters* is kind to those of *Great Courages*, for as the following Lines express, it gives e'm an occasion of manifesting their *Courage*,

*To the short Walk of one poor Globe enslav'd.*
[*A walk of a Globe. Now by Mr.* Settles Leave, *a Globe is a round thing, and a thing improper to be walked upon: for a woman on a Globe is the Emblem of Fortunes Inconstancy.*]

Well *argued* witty Mr. *Dryden*. If he means such a kind of *Globe*, *Alexander* was enslaved to, *Aristotle* was very unkind to give his *Pupil* the trouble of Conquering a *World*, when an *Astronomers Library* might have satisfied his *Ambition*. But we must suppose Mr. *Dryden* to be of his *Indians* Belief, that the *World* is no *Globe*, and that the Earth is like a *Trencher*, and the Heavens a *Dish* whelmed over it, when he says,

"——*My Eyes no Object met*
"*But distant Skies that in the Ocean set.*

Or if he will allow the World to be *round*, perhaps he may have the same opinion of *Alexanders expedition*, as some Old Women have of *Captain Drakes* Navigation (for I shrewdly suspect his *Faith* to be as Ridiculous as his *Reason*) and having heard him call'd *Alexander the Great*, supposes him to have been some *huge*, *heavy*, *monstrous creature*; that the Earth *shook* under him, and consequently 'twas not a *Globe* fit, or safe for him to walk on. But to judge more favourably of him (for this is most to his advantage) it may be he tells us a *Globe* is a *round thing*, to shew us his Skill in *Mathematicks*.

*My Soul mounts higher, and Fates Pow'r disdains;*
*And makes me reign a Monarch in my Chains, &c.*

[*But then wherein do his thoughts out-fly* Alexanders, Alexanders *thoughts were too big for a World*, *and* Muly Labas *his for a Prison*, *as if he should say*, *he scorn'd the World*, *but I scorn a Jayle*, *I am a greater man than he*, *because he was a greater man than I*.]

This Argument is one of the best he has in all his *Notes*: for the generality of them neither *are*, nor look *like* Arguments. But this is a little degree advanced above the *Crowd*, for this looks *like* an argument though it be none. For first he mistakes the whole design of the Speech, in mistaking what *thoughts* those are of

Muly

*Muly Labas* and *Alexander* which the Poet makes his comparison upon. Because *desires* of *greatness* and *ambition* are *thoughts*; therefore there can be no other thoughts, or at least the Poet can *mean* no other. But the whole speech proves that the Poet makes the comparison between the thoughts of their *contentment*, and the *satisfaction* of their *Souls*, not the extent of their *wishes*, *dominions*, or *prisons*: which was the more *satisfied*, not which was the *greater* Man.

*Alexander* thought himself *confined* in a *World*, and *Muly Labas* thought himself *free* in a *Prison*. He was a *Slave* in *Empires*, and this a *Monarch* in *Chains*.

*Thy rage, brave Prince; mean Subjects does despise;*
*None but thy Son shall be thy Sacrifice.*

[*Here his Old Emperour is a brave Prince, and why? Because he is so Bloody-minded a man that for Recreation of killing he must pick out his Son for his Sacrifice.*]

I would fain ask him if it had not been famous in *Solyman*, when he strangled *Mustapha*, had *Mustapha* really been that *Traytor* he suspected him.

*This dazling Object my weak sight invades:*
[*That is, comes before my weak sight.*] Ever since
"*A horrid stilness does invade my Ear.*

After so excellent a Line, [*Invade*] will be sence no where else.

*Such Beauty would make Dungeons loose their shades.*
[*Shades for darkness!*] Why not Sir *Positive*.
*When I fond Woman in a borrow'd shape,*
*Was a Conspirator in my own Rape.*

[*Here* Morena *repents of her hard bargain,*] and why? Because she calls her self *fond woman*, but I should think that a woman of a *perfect Character*, how great or reasonable soever her *passion* was, may in *modesty* call her self *fond*, for running away from her Father on *any score*. But Mr. *Dryden* can make his *perfect Characters*, *fond*, *Bawdy* and *Impudent*, and not know they are so, or at least never blush for their being so, as for Example, His *beloved Almahide*. Who being present amongst other *Granadin Damsels*, at the Famous *Tryal of Skill*, alias the *Bull-baiting*, and seeing the *Butcher-like* discords that arose between the *Bear-garden* assembly of the *Zegryes* and the *Abencerrages*, where for a *quarrel* raised at this *merry-meeting*, they proceed to a *national* contention, and as he says,

"——— ——*prepare!*
"*For all the last extremities of War!*

The prettiest way of setting a whole Nation together by th'ears, (next to falling out at *Hot-cockles*,) that e're I read of: This *fair Almahide* (I say)

"(*Who did with weeping Eyes these discords see,*
"*And fears the Omen may unlucky be*)
"*Prepares a Zambra to be danc'd to Night*
"*In hopes soft pleasures may their minds unite.*

Which *Entertainment* is as follows,

First it begins with a *Song*, more *Bawdy* then

"*The Nymph did move quick, and the Shepherd more slow, &c.*

Where after a great deal of other *amorous stuff*, you come to

"——*Then, thus, she cryed,*
"*You use a harmless Maid,* ——*and so she dyed.*
"*I waked and straight I knew*
"*I Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true.*

*Fancy*

" *Fancy the kinder Mistress of the Two*;
" *Fancy had done what* Phyllis *would not do*, &c.

After such a plentiful treat of rank Bawdy, of *Almahide* preparing, I need not describe *her character*: But perhaps Mr. *Dryden* will answer that a woman of her *Quality* might keep a *Laureat*, and the *Bawdy entertainment* was her *Poets* fault; or else he may tell us, that he wrote this to *please the Age*, who are best delighted with *languishing Songs* in this *Style*: And therefore the making a *Woman of Honour*, or a *Wife in a Comedy*, talk *Bawdy*, or take *pleasure in hearing it*, is all *alike to him.*

Next for her *Zambra*, which in a *Marginal Note* is a Dance. Here he makes a Company of *Moores* Dance, and make *adoration* to a *Statue* of *Jupiter*. How agreeing *Images* are to the *Mahumetan* Worship, and what League *Jupiter* and *Mahomet* can have, I leave to the *judicious* to censure: But now for *Almahides modesty*. This Scene is the first time that *Almanzor* and *Almahide* come to a conference, he having never seen her before, nor she him but in a Crowd, at the aforesaid *Bull-baiting*, where you must understand after such a *Tryal of Strength*, as his cutting off a Bulls head with his Sword *at one blow*, and that so *quick*, *that the head bellowed after it was off*,

" *Making imperfect bellowings as it went.*

She saw enough to charm any woman of her *constitution* that fancied a good *Womans man*, [*a terrible man*,] and one [*Roughly noble*] as she calls him; and therefore at the first sight of *Almanzor she falls at his feet and cryes.*

" *Stay Mighty Conq'rour, turn your face this way*;
" *Do not refuse to hear the wretched pray.*

Then *unvailing* she desires him to [*lay his Thunder by*,] and look more *kindly* on her. When after a long and Loving *Harangue* he being smitten at first sight, as well he might, she tells him [*she is promised to Boabdelin*] and petitions him [*to protect her against the outrage of insulting men.*] Now wherein she was *wretched*, and what *insulting* men they were, she feares, I cannot learn, unless she meant her *Parents*, who conceld her to this match with *Boabdelin*, a man whom hitherto in the play she can have found no fault with, unless she doubts he shall not find him so *lusty* as *Almanzor*, and so not so fit for her Turne. For as to the *Quarrel* between the two *families* she had been told before that if her Enemies overcame, as yet they had not, [no *Sword will hurt the fair.*] Besides had she been taken Prisoner by the adverse party, she would have had the comfort to have been eased of her displeasing *Boabdelin* which would have made some amends for her Captivity, but at worst to prevent the fear, you see how she *compounds* before hand with *Almanzor* for her *Ransome.*

He *infinitely pleased* with this kind *coming Beauty*, makes a *Thundering* deal of *Love*, But she tells him,

——" *'Tis but in vain*
" *Fate for each other did not us ordain.*
" *The chances of this day too plainly shows*
" *That Heaven took care that it should not be so.*

The reasonable meaning of which is, *she is sorry his Cake is dough, and that he came not soon enough to speed, for* [*but this very day she had past her promise to Boabdelin*] and that [*their Love was tyed by holy vows above.*]

Where you must note her *Breach* of a *Contract* made in the face of Heaven, and her *disobedience* to her *Parents* are no *stops* to hinder her from *making Love*

at first meeting to *Almanzor*. Now to complain of her *Contracted Husband's* insufficiency before she had lain with him; and to a *stranger* in my esteem is very comical. Nay to *contemn a King* too, for the sake of one who might have been but a *Butcher* or a *Car-man* for ought she knew, is very *loving*. But *Love* pardons all that, she has *seen Almanzor*, and she *likes him*, and by her own *quick apprehension* finding him to be somewhat *rough*, and of an [*unfashioned nature*] she speaks her mind *freely*, fearing least giving him too little glimpse of her kindness at the first interview, he should prove such a *block-head* as not to understand *her meaning*, or if he did, might be so *blunt* a Courtier as not to have the patience to lay a *long seige* to a fair Lady, and therefore 'tis policy in her to secure him: and though as before she told *him she was to be married* andconsequently not fit for his turn that way, yet this first *kind meeting* would make *Mr. Drydens* readers believe she would grant him *Dufoys* kindness, *be his friend upon occasion*. Had not his *darling Conquest of Granada* had the start of the *Mamamouchi* the World would have *suspected* he had stoln his *Almahide* from Mr. Jordans *German Princess*, who just at this rate *runs away from Mr Jordan* to fly to the *protection* of the worthy Knight Sir *Simon Softhead*.

*Wou'd a Conspirator in my own rape.*

[*A Conspirator in her own rape is nonjence, for consent makes it no rape.*]

Now will I be hang'd if he has ever heard of any other kind of *rape*, than *downright Ravishing*. I thought *stealing* Women from their *Parents*, *Husbands*, or *Guardians* had been *Rapes*, though with their own *Consents*. If Mr. *Laureat* had not been above the Learning of a *School Boy*, and had ever read of the *Grecian Wars*, he might have heard of the *Rape* of *Helene*, who conspired with *Paris* to run away from her *Husband*, and yet for some thousands of years, the World has been so foolish as to call it a *Rape*. If such *dull objections* against *Morocco*, are Mr. *Drydens Malice*, it is the *feebleſt* that ever wrote *Satyre*, but if he knows no better, and his *Ignorance* makes such *groſs Errours*, I may say in his own words as Mrs *Milleſent* does to Sr. *Martin*. *They are the ſooliſheſt miſtakes of a witty man that ever I heard of.*

*Heir only now t' an unkind Fathers Frown;*

His witty Observation [*that frowns are as best but goods and chattels,*] and afterwards (*no shapes of ill can come within her Sphear*) His brisk asking, [*what part of a woman is her Sphear*] (where by the way I might as well ask him what kind of gentle fall his *Abdalla* means, when he says of *Lyndaraxa*.

"*While ſhe is mine I have not yet loſt all*
"*But in her arms ſhall have a gentle fall.*")

And in the Fourth Act his greasy Jeſt [*Ile Churne him*] for——*I'le work him from the Town up to the Camp.* These and several other of his smart Quibbles in his Cambridge Dialect, put together, are richly worth the credit of a Suit of Cloaths, if his *Taylour* in the *Wild Gallant* had the making of them.

*Our Amorous flights like threatning Comets are*
*Which thus draw after them a train of Blood.*

[*An amorous thing is compared to a threatning thing, a flight to a Comet, a fault so great that there are scarce so many Syllables in his Lines as Non senſical meanings*] but now if both of them are fore-runners of Blood, I think they may be compared, and the *Simile* so firm that if the *Amorous flights* had been call'd *Threatning flights*, it had been Sence, when she was like to dye for her *flight*. But all this Scriblers *Similes* want so many Grains of Mr. *Drydens* weight, that they are

every Syllable Non-ſence, though for no other reaſon. But now for a taſt of his. His *Placidius* having *Valerius* promiſe of Marriage, and being conſcious that though he was like to poſſeſs her, *Porphyrius* had her Heart, ſays,

"*He like a ſubtle Wormhas eat his way*
"*And Lodg'd within does on the Kernel prey.*
"*I Creep without, and doubtleſs to remove*
"*Him hence, wait only for the Husk of Love.*

A very paſſionate *Simile*, beſides the Poets flight to compare his *Hero* to a *Maggot*, a thought ſo low that were he as he calls this young Author a *School Boy*, he would not have dared to write ſo meanly for fear of whipping. But now for the ſence. He like a *Subtle Maggot* is got to the *Kernel*, now t'would not be amiſs to ask him, (as he ſayes of *Morenas Sphear*) what part of *Valeria* is her *Maggot eaten Kernel*? But to go on, I creep without, &c. That is, I another *Magot* not ſo ſubtle as *Porphyrius* creep without the *Shell*, waiting till he has left it to creep into the *Empty Husk*. Which by his favour, beſides the naſeouſneſs of the *Simile*, is no true Poſition: For who believes that one *Magot* waits for the Nutſhel another has left. He talks in one of his *Prologues* of *ſervilely creeping after ſence*: If this be not ſervilely creeping, I am much miſtaken. But the *ſence* in it he muſt find out. But no matter for that, this *Unimitable Laureat* has an infinite charming way of *Allegories*, and *Kernel of Affection*, and *Husk of Love* are delicate; but ſo much for his *Creeping*. Now for his *ſoaring*; which you muſt underſtand he ſeldom ventures at, for indeed in *Airy walks*, (which he did well to make remarks on) he's out of his *Element*. But when he does *mount*, like ſome heavy Fowl that is much troubled to riſe, yet when once up has a very ſtrong Wing, he ſtretches to purpoſe. *Almanzor* to *Almahide*.

[*Pag.* 144.]

"*When e're you ſpeak*
"*Were my wounds mortal they ſhould ſtill bleed on;*
"*And I would liſten till my Life were gon.*
"*My Soul ſhould cv'n for your laſt accent ſtay,*
"*And then ſhoot out, and with ſuch ſpeed obey,*
"*It ſhould not bait at Heaven to ſtop its way.*

Now would I ask him if *Heaven* be but a *Baiting place* in *Almanzors way*; (beſides the Comical Metaphor of *Souls baiting*) where is his *Souls journies end*. If this be ſence.—But perhaps Mr. *Dryden* will anſwer, that he makes him ſpeak this, to keep up his Character even after death, and as he *ſcorn'd Empires*, and was *above his King* when he lived, when he dyes his Soul ſhall *ſcorn Heaven*, and be *above his God*. But where that ſhall be the *Laureat* muſt find out. But then what does he mean by [*with ſuch ſpeed obey*] If for a *Botch* I'm ſatisfied; But if for *ſence*: Does he mean *Almahides* command? No, for ſhe deſires him to have his wounds dreſt, and to live for her ſake. Well, if he cannot mean Her he means the *Summons of Death* then, that calls his *Soul* out to this rare *piece of activity*, the aforeſaid *flight*. That indeed with a *ſubintelligitur* may be ſence, but then 'tis the firſt time that *Almanzor* ever *own'd Obedience* to any thing but *Almahide*. But what's a greater fault then either of theſe in this ſpeech (for theſe, being but *groſs overſights*, in a *mans Dotage* are pardonable) he uſes a *Metaphorical expreſſion* for his Souls flight, that is, [*ſhoot out*] taken from an *Arrow*, and then in the ſame ſentence he takes another from a *Traveller* and a *Road*; and alludes to *Baiting by the way*. This great *pretender* to *Learning* has not wit enough to make an *Allegory*, but Violates the common School boy Rules of ſence, and puts two diſagreeing *Metaphors* into one ſentence:

And

find to *Almanzors* Soul, (the Allusion made out,) sets out an *Arrow*, and comes to Heaven a *Traveller*. Perhaps he'l say he uses [ *Baiting* ] in a Faulconers sence and so it alludes to a *Hawk*: But an *Arrow* and a *Hawk* is as Ridiculous.

*As Purgatory does make way for Heaven.*

[ *As if the Mahumetans believ'd a Purgatory* ] a very *learn'd remark*.

Read *History* Mr. *Historiographer*, and be better inform'd, and prethy blunder no more at this damnable rate. But considering the Crime of his *Epistle* 'tis just *Elkanah* should suffer *gentle Correction*, as he calls it; and indeed if this be his *Correction* 'tis the *gentlest* that sinner e're suffered yet.

*And has my Father——Shall we then——and are*
*Our Love and Hopes, &c.*——and afterwards

*Has he——it cannot be——Has he decreed——*
*Morena must not——no she shall not bleed.*

Here *Muly Labas* for speaking *half Sentences*, at his sudden and unexpected surprise of hearing he shall possess his *Mistriss*, and afterwards his hearing of her death, is sharply reproved for *stammering* a kind of *Poetical Non-sence*. His, *Almanzor* on a less *surprise* then either of these two says to *Almahide*, *you are——you shall——and I can scarce forbear*; and his *Maximin*. *But you shall find——hast take her from my sight*. Examples of which are very frequent in all Writers; but *Witty* and *Elegant* in none but Mr. *Dryden*.

*And the same Jealousie that made his Breath*
*Decree your Chains, makes him pronounce your Death.*

Here he is infinitely angry that the Poet gives an *Emperours Breath* the power of *decreeing* a mans Imprisonment, and says, [ *He perverts the whole order of nature, and makes men see with their Ears, and hear with their Noses* ] but how he has not told us.

[ *O Breath! Wonderful Breath! Breath is so beloved a word with Mr.* Settle, *that it does all things with him, it decrees, nay in the next page it writes, paints, guilds, prints, or something like it.* ] His *witty Antagonist* has found the word [ *Breath* ] used a Dozen times in one Play, that is in 2300 Lines, a very great *Indecorum*. Nay in his *Observations* on the *Epistle* he has found the word [ *Smiles* ] four times in *Cambyses* and *Morocco*, and therefore, [ *Smiles* ] must be *wonderful, as well as his Favourite Breath*. If I should count how many times his *Vivarambla* and *Mirador*, and other *fustian words* of *Bulk enough*, to be more *powerful* then *Breath*, are repeated in *Granada*, You'd think the Author very affected, that he cannot name a *Balcone* or a *Market place* but it must run in *Spanish*, *Mirador* and *Vivarambla*. And why? Because his *Scene* lyes there. Nay he makes *Almanzors Ginnet*, *Poetically Jclep'd Fiery Arab*——

" ( *Who, while his Rider every stand surveyed*——
" *Sprung loose, and flew into an Escapade.* )

In Compliment to the Scene of the Play, keep the Rules of *Heroick*, and *Prance* in *Spanish*.

Or should I count how many times he uses that damn'd canting absolete word [ *Host* ] for *Army* in one Play. [ *Granada p. 73.* ]

" *A Braver man I had not in my Host*——
" *Had we not too an Host of Lovers here, &c.*

You

You would not think him that man of *high converſation* he pretends to be, if ſuch are his *faſhionable* Engliſh words. I confeſs the *Incomparable Cowley* a friend, that Mr. *Dryden* makes bold with very often, uſes the word in his *Davideis*, but then 'tis on a *Jewiſh* ſtory where the *ſubject*, and the Tranſlation of the *Scripture* has *naturalized* the word.

*Her gentle Breath already from juſt fame,*
*Has kindly entertain'd your glorious name.*

[ *Here Breath bears* ] But how the words mean ſo, he would have done well to have inform'd us. I ſhould have gueſt that *her gentle Breath, kindly entertaining his name*, had ſignified *ſhe had ſpoke kindly of him.* Sure [ *entertain* ] is a ſtrange word in thy *Nomenclature.* If all manner of *entertainments* with thee can gratifie only the *Ear*: If a *Miſs*, *Bottle*, and *Fidle*, can pleaſe none of thy ſenſes but *Hearing*, take my word, (old friend) the beſt of thy ſenſes are impair'd, and thy beſt dayes done, (Dear Heart.) *She gave him Breath by which he does command.*

Spoke to in the Third Act.

*——Whoſe Couragious Breath,*
*Can ſet ſuch glorious Characters on Death.*

This being the only [*Breath*] in the next Page (as thou ſaidſt before) after.—*And the ſame jealouſie that made his Breath, &c.* Muſt *Guild*, *Paint*, *Print*, *Write*, &c. To ſet a *good* or *ill Character* on a thing would be conſtrued to *ſpeak in praiſe or diſpraiſe* of a thing by any body but him, but with him it ſignifies to *Paint*, *Write*, *Guild*, *Print*, *&c.*

[ *Nay he makes Breath tranſmigrate like Souls, and ſubſiſt after a mans death in Parchment and Paper.* ]

Act. Third. *For this Guilt our Prophets Breath,*
*Has in his ſacred Laws pronounc'd your Death.*

Take my advice, and if thy *Book* be worth reprinting, leave out [ *tranſmigrate like Souls* : ] They are *hard words* thou doſt not underſtand. If the Prophets Breath did *tranſmigrate like Souls*, (as thou ſaiſt,) it could ne're have *ſubſiſted* in *Paper* nor *Parchment*, unleſs *Parchment* and *Paper*, are *ſenſitive creatures* in thy Philoſophy.

But where is the fault in ſaying the Prophets Breath in his Sacred Laws pronounces death on ſuch or ſuch an offender?

Why may not the *Mahumetans* have as great a *veneration* for their *Faith*, as the *Chriſtians* and *Jews* for theirs, who for thouſands of Years have call'd that the *Word*, which was but the *Inſpiration* of a *Divinity*. And how ill is it (if they believe their *Prophet* from his own mouth deliver'd his *Law* when he lived upon Earth, and allow it ſtill to have the ſame power,) to ſay what his *Breath* utter'd once, it does ſtill.

*——when e're ſhe bleeds,*
*He no ſeverer a Damnation needs,*
*That dar's pronounce the Sentence of her Death;*
*Than the Infection that attends that Breath.*

This Fellow that would ſpeak ſence if he could, when he would make an objection and ſay, *The Queen muſt die firſt, and be condemned afterwards*, puts his meaning down in theſe words. [ *The Sentence is not to be pronounc'd till the condemned party bleeds*; (*that is*) *ſhe muſt be Executed firſt, and ſentenced after* ] which

is

is in other words. The *party* must not be *condemned* till the *condemned party bleeds*, (that is) the party must *bleed* first, and be *condemned* after. Did ever man make so many stumbles in so little a way? In the *first part* he says, [ *the sentence is not to be pronounced till the condemned party* (which is that has been sentenced) *bleeds*, ] there being confounded between two words [ *sentence* ] and [ *condemned* ] he makes as great a blunder as if a man should say the *five Vowels* are not *five* yet, but shall be. But leaving out [ *condemned* ] and saying, *the sentence is not to be pronounced till the party bleeds*, then he means it must be pronounced *when* the party bleeds, which he to illustrate says, [ *that is, after the party has bled* ] viz. [ *she must be Executed first, and sentenced after.* ] Was ever such a *Disputant*: But granting what he would say, if he had sense. How is the *sentence* past after the *Execution*? At worst he can but argue, that the *sentence* is given at the *same time* she *bleeds*, not *after* it: For *dares pronounce*, *bleeds*, and *needs*, are all *one tense*. But now for the blind-side of this *great Master* in *English*: He who *dares pronounce* her Sentence, (which may as well be given this Minute, as any other time,) when ever she *bleeds*, which is when she shall bleed, for [ *when ever* ] makes a *present tense* have a *future signification*, and implyes the *bleeding* is to come, otherwise it must have been [ *now she bleeds.* ] Then the sense is, *he who dares pronounce her death when she shall bleed, shall need no greater torment*, &c. For [ *needs* ] is of a *future* signification, as well as [ *bleeds* ] for wherever [ *when* ] is expresst [ *then* ] must be either expresst, or understood; and so the principle Verb [ *needs* ] must necessarily be of the same tense with [ *bleeds.* ] But now for the [ *liberal Mess of Nonsense* ] which to prepare your Stomachs for, [ *he tells you is a coming.* ]

*For when we're dead, and our freed Souls enlarg'd,*
*Of natures grosser burdens we're discharg'd.*
*Then gentle as a happy Lovers Sigh,*
*Like wandring Meteors through the Air we'l fly.*
*And in our Airy Walk as subtle Guests,*
*We'l steal into our cruel Fathers Breasts,*
*There read their Souls, and track each Passions Sphear,*
*See how revenge moves there, Ambition here:*
*And in their Orbs view the dark Characters,*
*Of Seiges, Ruins, Murders, Blood, and Wars.*
*We'l blot out all those Hideous Draughts, and write*
*Pure and white forms; we'l with a radiant light*
*Their Breasts encircle till their Passions be*
*Gentle as Nature in its Infancy.*
*Till soft'n'd by our Charms their Furies cease,*
*And their Revenge dissolves into a Peace.*
*Thus by our Deaths appeas'd, their Quarrel ends;*
*Whom living we made Foes, Dead we'l make Friends.*

The design of which is an *Airy Discourse* of what their *Souls* shall do when they are *dead*, by stealing into their cruel *Fathers breasts*, and *reconciling* the *Enmities* between 'em. Now if she says more than she can do, that is not the matter. [ *But wandring Meteors, hideous Draughts, dark Characters, radiant Lights, white Forms, and a great deal of such insignificant stuff is damn'd Non-sense.* ] This is the first time Mr. *Dryden* has been i'th right: Such a parcel of *confused words* put together without ever a word between e'm to make e'm sense, would indeed be very *insignificant*. However sense or Non-sense the Reader is obliged to this Speech for its being occasion of so *Comical* a fancy as his [ *Will in a Wisp, Madge with a Candle,*

*Candle, Fuck in a Lanthorn*, &c.] A *Diſcourſe* ſo *jauntee* that 'tis the firſt you have met with yet, that has been all *clear wit*, and no *Billingſgate*. I remember a Speech of *Berenice* to *Porphyrius*, where ſhe ſays what ſhe'l do when ſhe comes [*all Soul and Spirit to Porphyrius Love*,] where amongſt the reſt ſhe cryes,

"*At Night I will within your Curtains peep,*
"*With empty arms embrace you when you ſleep.*

And pray why may not *Morena*'s *ſoul* play at *Bo-peep* in her *Fathers boſome*, as well as *Berenices* at *Porphyrius bedſide*. But to *embrace* a man with *empty arms* that indeed none but Mr. *Drydens Berenice* can do: But truly I thought good *Porphyrius* a *luſtier Lover* then ſo, to appear *nothing* in her arms. So *witty* an *expreſſion* would make me run into the *Authors* praiſe in *his own Phraſe*, and ſay, he has an *empty* head, *full* of *excellent fancies*.

——— *Through the Air we'l fly;*
*And in our Airy walk*, &c.

Here he has a more particular Objection againſt Airy walk.

[*An Airy walk of a flyer.*]

A *Wittier* Poet then e're Mr. *Dryden* was or can hope to be (though his own *arrogance* will admit of no *equal*) was not guilty of *Non-ſenſe*, when he ſaid in his *Second Book of Metamorphoſis*, ſpeaking of the wing'd *Horſes* of the *Sun*, when *Phaeton* drove e'm.

———*Tritumque relinquunt*
*Quadrijugi ſpatium*———

Now if *wing'd Horſes* could fly in a *beaten track*, I gueſs an *Airy walk* for a *Soul* to fly in, is no *Nonſenſe*. I'm certain an *Airy walk* for a place of flight is leſs *Poetical*, then his *featherd ſons*, for *young Birds* in his *Rival Ladies*.

"———*Birds ne're impoſe*
"*A rich plumed Miſtriſs on their featherd Sons.*

*The Ancient World did but too modeſt prove,*
*In giving a Divinity to Love.*

[*A Divinity is a trifling thing! Love ought to have been ſomething above a Divinity. Though what that thing is no body can tell, nor is there any ſuch thing, yet that thing Love is.*]

The *Poets* plain meaning of theſe Lines is: That the World in calling *Love* a *Divinity*, gave it an *Attribute* below it, for *Love* he ſays afterwards has a *Power* above that of a *Divinity*. But then the *Commentatour* deſires you to think that he means 'tis ſo *infinitely* above it, that a *Divinity* is but a *trifle*. As if a man in ſaying a *Diamond* is worth more than a *Ruby*, muſt needs infer a *Ruby* is worth *nothing*. Next being told *Love* is above a *Divinity*, he asks what that thing is that is above a *Divinity*, for he knows nothing that is or can be ſo. A very pretty Queſtion! How many are the *Ten Commandments*. But for his more reaſonable Queſtion, [*How is Love, or the Power of Love above that of a Divinity.*]

*Heaven but Creates, but Love refines our Souls;*
[*As if refining were a greater work than Creation.*]
*Well ſaid* Elkanah.

Now

Now of all places I wonder he should stick here: I durst lay a wager that if a man should make any comparison between a *Hundred* such *unrefined Souls* as Poet *Sentles*, and the Soul of one Poet *Dryden*, he'd take it for a *greater affront*, than an *Epistle to Morocco*. But to come nearer to the purpose, he that takes Mr. *Drydens* argument, and holds the *Creation* of *Souls* above the *refining* of them, may like the old Proverb compare *Sus Minervæ*, or believe a *Cornish Bore*, or a *wild Arabian*, a better man than a *Tully* or an *Aristotle*.

Another fault is. [ *Crimalhaz and Laula do not agree in any part of their two descriptions of the old Emperours death, and they being both professt Lyars who must be believed*; ] I observe through his whole *Pamphlet* to make his accusation true, [ *that there are not four Lines together sense in the whole Play.* ] To prove every thing Non-sense he will have so, he either *implicitely* begs his Readers to believe the *Authors* meaning to be *thus*, or *thus*, contrary to their *Reason* or the Poets *design*, for his own purpose; or else by never taking notice of the *dependance* of what goes before, or what follows, gives a plausible argument against *this* or *that* expression, when the Props of all *sense* in a Discourse, *Connexion* and *Circumstance* are taken away. Or when these fail, tells you how *such* or *such* a thing may be *alterd* to be made Non-sense. As for example, here should the *Contrivers* and *Actors* of the Emperours Murder have held in *one Tale*, in publick and private, as he finds fault they don't: And have told *Muly Labas* the same thing they own'd amongst themselves of his Fathers Murder, they would certainly have been greater Fools than he would make you believe *Muly Labas* is.

*Then with his dying Breath his Soul retir'd,*
*And in a sullen sigh his Life expir'd.*

[ *That is, just as he dyed, he dyed, and when he dyed, his Soul expir'd, and his Life retired, and he dyed.* ]

I have been told that before a mans life be ended, his Breath and Soul must be gone, and that all this had been but once dying, but *all Malice* and *no Wit*, has found out 'tis dying *six times over*.

Another fault is, [ *Muly Labas in the news of his Fathers Death, and the enjoying of Morena, in his surprise makes his grief and joy play at Leap-Frog.* ]

*For those just tears which nature ought t'employ*
*To pay my last Debt to his Memory,*
*The Crowning of my passion disallows;*
*Grief slightly sits on happy Lovers Brows.*

[ *Here he's so overjoy'd for Morena, he has little sense of his Fathers Death; in his next speech he absolutely contradicts it.* ]

*Enjoy a Throne and my Morena wed.*
*A joy too great were not my Father dead.*

[ *Here his great sorrow for his fathers Death, allays his joy for Morena.* ]

Now for Mr. *Drydens Logick*, a *great sense* of *sorrow* and a *little sense* of *sorrow* are [ *absolute contradictions.* ] with him; I thought *sorrow* and *no sorrow* had been *contradictions*. The poorest Freshman in the University would be sconced for half so great a *blunder*, but Mr. *Dryden* is a great *professor* of Learning, if you'l believe himself or his flatterers, and so cannot sin.

*Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

Bur

But granting this miſtake in our *Laureat* to be nothing, as for my part if you'l all agree I am very willing to grant it, and can as eaſily forgive the *Non-ſenſe* he writes now for the *ſenſe* he hat writ, as ſome charitable people cheriſh *old lame Horſes* for their *paſt ſervices*, and the *ſtrength* they have had: But now I am in the pardoning humour, I'le examine his *natural Philoſophy* in this Argument, and now my hand is in, forgive his miſtakes in that too. If he be againſt [ *Muly Labas his joy jumping over his grief; and his grief jumping over his joy* [ (as he calls it,) then he muſt be for their *not jumping one o're another*, unleſs he be like Mr. *Jordan* that would have his Language *neither in Verſe nor Proſe*. Firſt he'l grant *Muly Labas* had reaſon to be joyful for the enjoyment of his *Miſtriſs*, and ſorry for his *Fathers death*, and at theſe two ſurpriſes he muſt either *think* and *reflect* upon them *ſeverally* or *together*, but together he cannot; for 'tis a Maxim in nature that *no man can think of two things*, much leſs two ſuch contraries as *Joy* and *Grief*, at *one and the ſame Moment:* and *words* being the diſcription of *thoughts*, to ſpeak 'em ſo as is *impoſſible*. If then they cannot *Jump* but by *turns*, Tarbox *Muly Labas* is not the *Fool* this bout. But now for [ *the moſt unintelligible piece of Non-ſenſe that has been met with yet.* ]

*Heaven fits our ſwelling paſſions to our ſouls.*

[ *If every word had been Sphears, Orbs, Infection, White Forms, &c. the ſenſe had been as good.* ] But now for this *Gordian*, Heaven predeſtins nothing for any man that ſhould raiſe him to an exceſs of *joy* or *grief*, or any other *paſſion* more than what he can bear, which I think is *fitting paſſions to our ſouls:* The *Soul* being the *ſeat* of *Paſſions*. But though it be not Non-ſenſe, yet *unintelligible* I'le grant it is, *viz.* with Mr. *Commentator*. *Senſe* and *Underſtanding* I confeſs have been formerly of his acquaintance, but he has long ſince ſhook hand with them, I aſſure you. And indeed I commend him for it, he conſults his own *eaſe* in it, as a man ought to do at *his Years*, and why ſhould he *burden* himſelf more than his *occaſion* requires.

*When ſome great fortune to Mankind's conveyd,*
*Such bleſſings are by Providence allay'd.*
*Thus Nature to the World a Sun creates,*
*But with cold Winds his pointed rays rebates.*

[ *Cool winds allay the bleſſing of the ſcorching Sun.* ] Why the *ſcorching* Sun? O, yes, *the bleſſing of the ſcorching Sun* looks like a *Contradiction*; and therefore [ *ſcorching* ] is the word for thy turne.

Well to humour the *Child* [ *ſcorching* ] ſhall be the word: But then ſure the heat of the Sun that ſcorches *men*, produces *Plants* and *Fruits*, &c. and though it offends their *Bodies*, it maintains their *Lives*, and if this be not a *bleſſing*, *Notes* is infallible: Nay, where the heat of the Sun is ſo *exceſſive* that it makes the Earth *barren*, as to the production of plants, yet there it operates another way, and produces *Gold*. And there are thoſe who (ſay *Bays* what he can) will think that a *bleſſing* too.

*Thy early growth we in thy Chains had cruſh'd,*
*And mix'd thy Aſhes with thy Fathers duſt.*

[ *A ſtrange Engine it muſt be that can cruſh a man to Aſhes, and a ſtrange a Poyſon that can turn a man to Duſt in two howres time, for it could be no longer ſince the Emperour dyed.* ]

Bear

Bear up briskly *Laureat*, there you have him: For the Poet lyes Divellishly if he tells you that his *Emperour* can be really *Dust and Ashes* in so little a time. But if Mr. *Dryden* had ever had a friend worth following to the Grave, he would have heard e're this time of *Dust to Dust and Ashes to Ashes*, said of those that had been neither of them. How common a Figure is this in Discourse. Does his *Montezuma* (when he says of *Cortez*.

*"Grant only he who has such honour shown,*
*"When I am dust may fill my empty throne.)*

Desire that *Cortez* may not enjoy his Throne *immediately* after his Death, but stay till he is *Dust* first: See what *mistakes* his *malice* makes, though to his own *disadvantage*. He has two more *observations* of the same kind in the Fifth Act. page 55. *His Blood shall pay what to your Brothers dust I owe.* [*He turn'd Dust very quickly in a Country which preserves Mummy 3000. years.*]

*Page 57. So may my Body rot when I am dead,*
*'Till my rank Dust has such contagion bred,*
*My Grave may dart forth Plagues, as may strike Death*
*Through the infected Air where thou drawst Breath.*

[*By that time it is Dust, it will cease to be rank, and consequently breed no contagion, if it bred none before.*] Well but to make it sense in *Bays* his Style let it run thus,

*So may my Body rot when I am dead,*

'Till my rank *Putrifaction*, or rank *Corruption*, or *Filth*, *Nastiness* or the like.— How delicately this would run in *Heroick Verse*, and how *proper* and *pleasant* would it be for a *Gentleman* to speak, and an *Audience* to hear. If the Author had used [*Dust*] in a strict sense, (as *Bays* to make it Non-sense would have you *believe* he does) he should not have said, *so may my body rot when I am dead, till my rank Dust*, &c. but thus. *After my Body has done rotting may my rank Dust*, &c. for I take it, the *Rotting* must be over before it be really *Dust*. This *Positive Critick* sure would find infinite fault, with such an expression as [*the Turkish Crown*] and to bring it to his sense, alter it, and say *Turkish Turbant*, for they wear no Crowns.

*Poison'd my Husband, Sir, and if there need,*
*Examples to instruct you in the deed,*
*I'll make my actions plainer understood,*
*Copying his Death on all the Royal Blood.*

[*She will instruct him by an Example to do a deed that's done, and by an Example that must be Copyed after his Example, which he again is to Copy*, &c.] A great deal more pudder he makes about a *Copy* and a *Copy* and a *Copy*, &c. This Objection has a little of the *Polish* in it, for he talks of a *Copy* much at the rate of the *Cloak-bag*: But now to the Argument. [*she will instruct him to do a deed that's done*, &c.] Here hee's at his old way of *Begging* the meaning, but a wiser Body would have guest her meaning to have been, *that for his better understanding what she had already done, she would give him more examples of the same kind for his instruction.*

*I am a Convert, Madam, for kind Heaven,*
*Has to Mankind immortal Spirits given,*

 *And*

*And Courage is their Life: but when that ſinks,*
*And to tame Fears and Coward faintneſs ſhrinks,*

[*Which he writes* into tame Fears, &c. *which quite alters the ſenſe.*]

*We the great work of that bright frame deſtroy,*
*And ſhew the world that even our Souls can dy.*

[*The Poet is at his Mock Reaſons.*] But I am afraid the *Commentatour* is, [*Crimalhaz is converted to Villany for the very Reaſons he ſhould be honeſt.*] If *Crimalhaz* be beyond the fear of *damnation* and is poſſeſt that in being *Ambitious*, *Villanous*, and *Bloody*, he does *well* and *nobly*, 'tis Non-ſenſe for him to call himſelf otherwiſe then a *convert* to *Villany* for *Converſion* and *Apoſtacy* are ſenſe only as they reſpect the *Opinion* or *Faith* of him that ſpeaks 'em. A *Roman Catholick* ſhall tell you of ſuch *Proteſtants* made *Converts* to his *Religion*, and a *Proteſtant* of ſuch *Converts* of *Catholicks* to his, and ſo with *Turks* and *Chriſtians*, &c. And yet they all ſpeak ſenſe. If any *good Character* in the Play that believed *Crimalhaz* his *Tenents ill* had ſaid he had been *converted* to Villany, it had been Non-ſenſe: But hang *conſideration*, Mr. *Dryden's* above it. But for his next Objection, [*Riddle my Riddle, can Courage become Cowardiſe, or Immortality mortal.*] What pretty *Sophiſtry* is this? A *Couragious* man it is poſſible may turn a *Coward*, which is the ſenſe of the very words, for when *Courage* in a man ſinks and gives way to *fear* and *Cowardiſe*, that *Couragious* man turns a *Coward*, but not his *Courage Cowardiſe*: No more then I can ſay of any thing that was *white* once, and is now dyed *black* that the *whiteneſs* is become *blackneſs*. But his *Objections* are many of them built upon this *falacy* to make reflections upon Incoherence in *qualities* inſtead of *perſons* and *things*. But then how does *Crimalhaz* ſay *Immortality* becomes *mortal*? He ſays, *Heaven has given immortal Souls to Men*, viz. to thoſe men whoſe *Courages* are ſo, *Courage* as he thinks being the *Life* of the *Soul*. But thoſe, whoſe *Courages* can fade, be *corrupted* and *dye*, their *Souls* by conſequence can do ſo too. So he affirms that *true Courage*, viz. *that which cannot decline* makes *Souls immortal*, but *Cowardiſe mortal*.

*And by ſuch ſubtilties his Breaſt infect,*
*'Till he his Generals Loyalty ſuſpect.*

[*No body can infect another with a diſeaſe which he has not himſelf, or carries not about him ſome way or other. Hametalhaz then muſt have ſuſpition of the Generals Loyalty, or carry the Diſeaſe about him, elſe he cannot infect the King with it.*] Did ever any man make ſuch a pudder for nothing. Firſt [*Infect*] is *Laſſo*, as *Beggars* for *ſtragling*, it tranſgreſſes its bounds, and therefore Mr. *Critick* by Conſtable Law *confines it home* to the place of its *Nativity*. It muſt be ſenſe no where but where it refers to a *Diſeaſe*: Well to compliment him it ſhall be ſo *confin'd*. [*But then no body can infect another with a Diſeaſe he has not himſelf, or carries not about him ſome way or other.*] Dear heart thou art i'th right. What doſt th u think of *Nurſes*: Nay, *Cats* or *Dogs* in a *Plague* time that have carried *infection* with them, yet have not had the *Diſeaſe* themſelves. So *Hametalhaz* had ſomething or other (as thou ſaiſt) about him, to make the King jealous of his General though he was not ſo himſelf. Never was ſuch ſtuff——but 'tis his *Talent*, and there is an end.

*And to that pitch his heightned Virtues raiſe,*
*That their perfection ſhall appear their Crime,*
*As Giants by their Height do Monſters ſeem.*

[*How*

[ *Here he makes Gianticknes the perfection of Humane Stature, and ſays, Giants are not Monſters, only ſeem ſo to Mankind: By conſequence all that are not Giants are imperfect if not Monſters.* ] *The Poet makes Gianticknes*, &c. and *ſays*, &c. That is Mr. *Dryden makes* and *ſays* it for him, for he neither *ſays* nor *implies* any ſuch thing; *Crimalhaz* tells the Queen Mother he will extol *Muly Hamets Virtues* ſo highly that their *perfection* ſhall appear their *crime*, as *Giants* appear or ſeem *Monſters* for their *height* But how he ſays or infers, [ *Giants are not Monſters, and but only ſeem ſo to Mankind.* ] You have only Mr. *Drydens* word for, and how much that has been worth hitherto in his *Obſervations*, I leave his *Readers* to Judge. Though indeed ſome are apt to think that *Giants* are not *really* Monſters though received ſo, a *Monſter* in its *true definition* being a Creature that either *wants* or has *more parts* than Nature requires to make up true *proportions* and *Symetry*. And yet a Giant, how much *greater* ſoever than an ordinary man, may have all parts *proportionable*, nor have more or leſs *Arms* or *Legs*, or any other particular. However if the reception of a *Monſter* be more *large*, and Giants are Monſters, to ſay a thing ſeems to be what it is, is no Nonſenſe.

*Brave Crimalhaz thy Breaſt and mine agree.*

[ *How Breaſts can agree or quarrel any more than Arms or Legs I cannot tell.* ] And truly we believe him; but if he cannot tell what [ *agreeing* ] ſignifies beſides *being friends*, he is not the beſt *Commentator* I have met with.

*We'll Act his Death in State.*

[ *Will ſhe have a Play made on it, and Act her ſelf in it.* ] Now *why* nothing can be *Acted* but in a *Play* I cannot tell neither: I am afraid he is not ſo *Critical* in his own writings. *Almah.* to *Almanzor*, page 51.

"*You bound and freed me; but the difference is,*
"*That ſhew'd your Valour, but your Virtue this.*

As if *Valour* were no *Virtue*, though it be none of his Virtues, others are pleaſed to compliment it with the title of a Virtue, when they made *Fortitude* one of the *Cardinal Virtues*. But perhaps he'l diſtinguiſh between Valour in one degree, and Valour in another, for Valour is not always a Virtue, there is a *Britiſh Valour* (though very improperly, for in Brutes 'tis *Courage*.) Yes, that anſwer is for his purpoſe, for theſe two Lines are ſpoken of *Almanzor*.

*We'll Act his Death in State,*
*And daſh his Blood againſt his Palace gate.*

[ *A ſtately thing to daſh a Pail full of Blood againſt a Palace gate.* ] This Commentator, like *Euſtathius* upon *Homer*, obſerves more in every Line than the *Poet* e're thought on, for I durſt ſwear for him, he never conſidered juſt how much the *Emperours Veins* held; which Mr. *Dryden* has *politickly* found to be a *Pail-full*: But I am afraid in obſerving the *quantity* he forgot the *quality*, that it was the *Blood* of a *King* when he infers by his obſervation how *inconſiderable* the daſhing ſo much Blood againſt a Palace Gate would be. But he comments, and theſe are Notes and ſo forth.

Now for the [ *moſt rumbling piece of Non ſenſe that has come yet.* ]

*To flattering lightning our feign'd Smiles conform,*
*Which back'd with Thunder do but guild a ſtorm.*

[ *Flatter-*

[ *Flattering Lightning! no, Lightning ſure is a threatning thing.* ] But he has anſwer'd for me in his *Royal Martyr*.

" *About the place did nimble Lightning play,*
" *Which offer'd us by fits and ſnatch'd the day.*

If it has ſo brisk a *Light* that in a *dark* ſtorm it can make an appearance of *day*; which in a moment *vaniſhes* again, it certainly is a very *flattering* thing to make ſuch ſplendid illuſions to ſo little purpoſe. But *back't with Thunder* much offends him, and a great deal of doe he makes about [ *a Trooper on Horſe-back.* ] I took [ *back't* ] to be more frequently uſed for *attended*: An alluſion taken from a *Leader* and his *forces*, which in all reaſon wou'd have better agreed with *Lightning* which immediately *precedes* the *Thunder*. But then he has a long diſpute againſt *guilding a ſtorm*.

Now to ſay that *Lightning* (which for a moment changes the whole face of Heaven, and makes a glittering Light where ſo much darkneſs was before,) *guilds a ſtorm*, I think a pardonable *Metaphor*: but then he'll tell you that 'tis [ *do guild* ] not [*does guild* ] a ſtorm, and ſo as a *Plural* Verb it refers to [ *Smiles.* ]

To anſwer that it ſhould be [ *does guild* ] and that it was an over-ſight in the correction of the Preſs, which though it be true, and is, and has been alwayes ſpoken in Acting [ *does guild a ſtorm.* ] Yet ſince it looks like Mr. *Drydens* reprinting, *Follow Fate which would too faſt purſue* inſtead of *does too faſt purſue*: I will not make that *Apology*, for 'tis *ſenſe* both wayes. 'Tis an uſual cuſtome in *Similes* to apply the *Analogy*, either *Rei Analoganti* or *Rei Analogatæ*. I'le go no farther than his own writings: *Almahide* ſays of *Almanzor Page* 31.

" *Mark but how terrible his Eyes appear,*
" *And yet there's ſomething roughly noble there;*
" *Which in unfaſhion'd nature, ſeems divine;*
" *And like a Gemme does in the quarry ſhine.*

Here *ſomething in Almanzors unfaſhion'd nature like a Gemme ſhines in the quarry*; what *quarry* has he in him, if he goes to the ſtrictneſs of the ſenſe, for it to ſhine in? [ *how can Smiles guild a ſtorm?* ] If he will admit of no *Allegories* why does he make e'm? It ſhould have been *Lightning guilds the ſtorm*, ſo for the ſame reaſon he ſhould have ſaid *Almanzor had ſomething in him roughly noble, which ſeem'd Divine, and like a Gemme which in the quarry ſhines*; for the Gemme he means ſhines in the quarry. But becauſe he told you [ *the Act ended with ſuch rumbling Non ſenſe* ] it ſhall do ſo; and therefore you ſhall have one of his *Granada* Similes. He compares *Almanzors Bull* to a *Monarch*, and ſays of him.

" *That Monarch like he rang'd the liſted fields,*
" *Some toſs'd, ſome goar'd, ſome trampling down he kill'd.*

He has the ſtrangeſt *Notion* of *Monarchs* that ever I heard of, if *ranging, goaring, toſſing* and *trampling* be their qualities, I am afraid this *Simile* has a little of his *Signpoſt Painting* in his *preface* [ *the Lyon is very like a Roſe* ] He tells you of ſomething like a *Monarch*, but by all I can perceive by his *ranging, toſſing*, &c. 'tis no more than a Bull when all's done.

ACT,

## ACT The Second.

*Great Sir, Your Royal Fathers General*
*Prince* Muly Hamet's *Fleet does Homewards Sail.*

[ *Here he makes* Muly Hamet's *Fleet to be the old Emperours General*, &c. ]
[ *General* ] and [ Prince *Muly Hamet* ] I think are near enough to be better acquainted.

*In a Solemn and Triumphant pride.*

[ *In a Triumphant pride! Then the pride was Victorious before, so the Ships conquer'd with their pride.* ] How will this Line.
*The Conquerors Triumphant Chariot grace* Escape. Did the *Chariots* conquer? Besides if so impertinent a question were worth answering, by his favour what is *Triumph* but pride, the *vain glory* a *Conquerour* takes after *Victory*.

*Their Course up the great River* Tensift *guide.*

[ *They guide their course, that is they steer themselves.* ] I hope the *Helm* that is a *part* of the *Ship guides* the *Ship*, though (as *Adlepate* gives us to understand) the *Pilot steers*.

*Whose guilded Currents do new Glories take*
*From the reflection his bright Streamers make.*

[ *If the Currents were guilded when they take new glories, then the Currents are double Hatchs.* ] At him agen *Bays*; In the Mask in the Fourth Act.

*And his tortur'd Entrails sting.*

[ *If his Entrails were tortur'd before, why should they be stung afterwards.* ] These two objections are so like one another, and both so *sillily* made, that 'tis pitty to part e'm. [ *Guilded* ] in the first refers to [ *new glories* ] and [ *tortur'd* ] in the last to [ *stung*, ] and to prove how proper the Authors expressing of it is. In the first Book of Mr. *Cowleys Davideis*, speaking of his desisting from writing of his *Mistris*, to write a *Sacred Poem*. I meet this Line.

*My well-chang'd Muse, I a chast Vestal make.*

Now a man as *impertinent* as Mr. *Notes*, (but Heaven forbid there should be such another *Creature* in nature; for 'tis pitty such a *rarity* should be *matcht*) would ask if his *Muse* was *well chang'd* before, what need she be made a *chast Vestal* now. But a man of sense, and one that had none of *Bays* his *Wind-mill* in his head,

would tell ye; that the making her a *chaſt Veſtal* was the *well changing* of his *Muſe*.

*From the reflection his Bright Streamers make.*

[ *I thought the Water had made the reflection not the Streamers.* ] I thought if the *Streamers* had not been there, the *Water* could not have made the reflection of them. If it had been from the reflection which thoſe *Currents* make: If the *Currents* made the *reflection*, why was it not made before the *Ships* came? That *ſuppoſition* would be almoſt as great a Bull, as the two firſt Lines in his *Indian Emperour*.

" *On what new happy Climate are we thrown,*
" *So long kept ſecret, and ſo lately known.*

*A new Climate long kept.* Oh! but *Notes* will anſwer it was new to *Cortez*, for he never was there before, which he would have done well to have *expreſt*, for as 'tis, 'tis as good ſenſe, as if a man ſhould put on an *old caſt Suit* of another mans, and ſay 'tis *new* becauſe he never wore it before.

*The Waves a Maſque of Martial Pageants yield.*

[ *The Maſque is made of the Waves, a new kind of Ships built of Water.* ] Bull-throat every Inch.

——*By force*
*Of Argument a Man's no Horſe.*

I am afraid if there had not been *Waves*, or *Water*, or ſomething to that purpoſe to help towards it, the *motion* of theſe *Pageants* had been ſpoild.

*A flying Army on a floating Field.*

[ *Flying is an excellent Epithite for a Victorious Army.* ] Flying on or off, is all alike to Mr. *Commentatour*. I wonder what he thinks of *Alexanders Army*, which was call'd a *Flying Army*, for his expedition in over-running *Aſia*, and yet as I take it there's no Record of *Alexanders running away* from an Enemy.

[ *But now the Martial Pageants which I took to be Ships are a flying Army: Our Fleet is ſunk already, and turn'd into an Army.* ] Is it ſo! A very pretty kind of *Notes* his *Legerdemain*.

*Order and Harmony in each appear.*

[ *In each?* In *what?* *In the flying Army, the Waves, the Maſque, or the floating Field.* ] And how many things do all theſe amount to, but *Water* and *Ships*? If he can make any more of them; 'tis the firſt time I took him for a *Conjurer*.

*Their lofty Bulks the foaming Billows bear.*

[ *Now the Ships are Buoy'd up again.* ] *Hocus* again. [ *It is no great news to us in* England *that Water bears Ships.* ] 'Tis well he *tells* us he *believes* ſo, for by the *ſhallowneſs* of his *reaſon* hitherto, a little matter would make him *believe* any thing.

*In*

*In state they move, and on the Waves rebound,*

[ *To rebound on the Waves is to leap up from the water into the Air.* ] He's at Descriptions agen. But by the way let me ask him, if *Leaping off* the Waves, be *rebounding* on them.

*As if they danced to their own Trumpets sound:*

[ *Merry Ships to cut Capers as they Sail.* ] Why that *Ships* may do, if they are such *Creatures* as this *fresh Water Souldier* believes they are, that have *Legs* and *Hands*, [*that can put off their Caps, and make Legs*] as he says. *Granada p.* 49. *Benzayda.*

" Death with our meeting Planets danced above.

I am afraid to make *Planets*, nay *Death* too such *merry grigs* as to *cut Capers* and turne *Dancers* is a little *Burlesque*, whatever *Ships* may be fancied to do.

*By Winds inspired, with lively Grace they roul*

[ *Ships never Roul but in Calms.* ] I judged that in *Calms* they had lain still. Either he takes all *seasons* to be *Calms* or *Storms*, and so *fresh Gales* are *Calms* with him, or else he believes that Ships have really those *Souls* which *Hametalbaz* alludes to, if in *still water*, without help of *Wind* or *Tide*, they can *Roul* of themselves.

*As if that Breath and motion lent a Soul.*

[ *Here he makes the effect produce the cause; whereas it is a Soul that lends Breath and motion, he makes Breath and motion lend a Soul, as if sight could lend Eyes, if so, then sight must be before Eyes.* ]

Now why the *Soul* is the *cause* of *Breath* and *motion* I believe he cannot resolve us, for 'tis much disputed whether the *Soul* be any thing else but *Breath* and *motion*, *viz.* in Irrational Creatures; all *senses* being made by a *flux* or *motion* of *Spirits* through several *Organs* to the *Brain*. And so the *Soul* is but a *notion* or *term of Art* used to signifie *that Breath* and *motion*: And if *Don Critick* makes this learned Discant that the *cause* is *prior natura* than the effect; by his own argument, *Things* are before *Names*; and by his rules of *priority*, *Breath* and *motion* cause a Soul.

*And with that Soul, they seem taught Duty too,*

[ *Here this Soul is lent by instruction they are taught a Soul, and with it taught Duty.* ]

Why *taught a Soul!* what does the Pronoun [*that*] point to, but the *lent Soul* in the foregoing Line.

*Their Top-sails lower'd their heads with Reverence bow.*
*As if they would their Generals worth enhance.,*
*From him, by instinct taught Allegiance.*

[ *The Ship learns by instinct, that is, it learns from another, by having it naturally of it self.* ]

Why *it learns from another?* Let the question be answered out of the *Authors* words, *by what taught Allegiance?* By instinct. From whom? From im? *viz.* the General, and then pray examine the *reception* of *instinct*, and find this Line *Non-*

*sence*

ſence dear heart, and *erit mihi magnus Apollo*, though *Inſtinct* in all caſes be what *a man has naturally in himſelf*, yet that *inſtinct* never produces *actions*, but from ſome *circumſtance* or *cauſe*, *extra hominem*. For example, ſome men have an *antipathy* againſt a *Cat*, and by inſtinct, though they ſee her not, ſhall tremble and ſweat, or the like when they come near her, and though by *nature* they have this *Antipathy*, yet 'tis from the *preſence* of the *Cat*, that *inſtinct operates*, they would not *tremble* were ſhe not there. If the Poets Ships, (which he by his [ As if ] in the firſt Line, only *fancies* of e'm not *affirms* of e'm, for the *affirmative* would be Non-ſence, *Inſtinct* and *Allegiance* being inconſiſtent with *inanimate* Creatures.) If his Ships, I ſay, are fancied to have a *Sympathy* with their *General*, and by *inſtinct* can *expreſs their Allegiance* when he *expreſſes his*; certainly though their *ſuppoſed innate Virtue* of expreſſing their Allegiance be in *themſelves*, yet the *Power* of expreſſing it is *from him*: For if he did not expreſs *His*, they could not exerciſe their Sympathetick quality, and expreſs *Theirs* with him. But perhaps he'll find fault with the Engliſh, and tell us to ſay, *That ſuch a thing is taught to do this or that by inſtinct*, does not pleaſe him. But as for that, let it paſs: If he be ſo hard to pleaſe, he is not worth the humouring.

*Whilſt the loud Cannons eccho from the ſhore,*
*Their flaming Breaths ſalute you Emperour.*
*From their deep mouths he does your Glory ſing,*

[ *He ſings his Glory and with their mouths* ] that is the Cannons Mouths, Which is like its fellows, Non-ſence. [ *For no man can ſing with another mans mouth.* ] Therefore not with a *Cannons mouth*: a very *Poetical* reaſon. I hope the modeſt Commentatour will tell us, ) as he tells the Poet *he ſtudied this Non-ſenſe with another mans Brains*, ) that here he had the help of the *Brethren*, for no leſs then a *Triumviri* of *Poets* could have produced ſo weighty a——

*With Thunder, and with Lightning, greets his King.*

[ *But two Lines ſince he call'd it ſalute an Emperour, and thus theſe mannerly Ships ſalute an Emperour, but greet a King, and in ſaluting, (he ſays) they but flaſh in the Pan only.* ] If *Cannons* were ſo well bred in his Metaphor as only to *flaſh in the Pan*, I dare lay an even wager that Mr. *Dryden* durſt venture to Sea. [ *But when Greet's the word, then the Thunder and Lightning comes.* ] I obſerve which is very often obſerved through the Play, he finds fault that in a Scene or a Speech the Poet uſes the words *Monarch*, *King*, *Prince*, *Soveraign*, *Emperour*, and all for the ſame *perſon*, another time, *Deſtiny*, *Fate* and *Providence* for the ſame thing, as here [ *ſalute* ] and [ *greet* ] and this forſooth is impardonable. I believe he means to bring *Poetry* to the rules of the *Law*, and having once ſpoke of a King we muſt cry at next occaſion to name him the aforeſaid, or abovenamed King *party to theſe preſents*. I wonder where the excellency of a tongue would be, which lies in the *copiouſneſs* of *words* to expreſs the ſame thing by, if this *Confinement* were impoſed on its freeſt ſubject *Poetry*. But I find he has clearly deſign'd the *Authors overthrow*, and being poſſeſt with an abſolute certainty of his *Ruine* by this *fatal blow*, preſcribes him *Laws* after the rate of ſevere *Conquerours* to Vanquiſht *Enemies* ſuch as they would be unwilling to be tyed to themſelves.

*Thus to expreſs his Joys in a loud Quire.*

[ *He ſerenaded the King with a Quire of Guns: Serenading and greeting are proper*

*Sea*

*Sea term.* ] I have looke o're the Speech and can find no ſuch term as [ *ſerenading* ] in it, but that's no matter, the ſenſe and terms of expreſſions are all one in his *Dictionary*, [ *Greet* ] indeed is crept in, very timely for a laſh, and though it ſignifies *ſaluting*, however 'tis no Seamans word, and therefore Nonſenſe. There indeed he was too blame for making his *Hamſtalhaz* a *Courtier* and no *Tarpolin*; *Larbord* and *Starbord* with a ſcore more of ſuch words, would have made excellent *Drydeniſm* and no *Bombaſt*, and the Ships had been Ships, [ *which here they are not.* ]

*And conſort of wing'd Meſſengers of fire*

[ *Singers ſure and not Meſſengers make a Conſort.* ] To anſwer him in his own *ſerenading* Phraſe, if by his argument a *Gentleman* ſhould play on a *Violin* under a Ladies Window, he muſt *Ipſo facto* turn *Fidler* and no *Gentleman*, for he can be nothing but a *Fidler* that plays on a *Fidle*: But then if I ſhould call him a *Fine Gentleman* 'tis worſe Nonſenſe ſtill, for 'tis not his *fine Cloaths* but his *Fingers* that play on his Inſtrument, [ *as 'tis the Voices, not the wings that make this Conſort,* ] give it Sugar-Plums, give it Sugar-Plums.

[ *But how are they Meſſengers of Fire? Did the Fire blow the Guns up into the Air, or was every Corn of Powder a wing'd Meſſenger? Then their Wings were very ſmall.* ] To diſtinguiſh *particular Corns* of Powder in the Diſcharge of a Cannon requires a younger Eye-ſight than Mr. *Commentatours*. Hadſt thou *Brains* in thy Head, dear Heart, when thou couldſt talk of *writing Volumes*, and labour like *Mons Parturiens* with no more then this? but how are they wing'd Meſſengers, the next Lines will informe you.

*He has his Tribute ſent and Homage given:*
*As men in Incenſe ſend up Vows to Heaven.*

[ *A Tributary Subject.* ] I cannot find the *Poet* ſpeaks any thing of a *Tributary Subject*; he calls indeed his *loud expreſſing of his joys a tribute to his Prince*: If this be ſin, Heaven help the wicked. But then [ *can thoughts be carried up in Smoak? He as well may ſay he will Bake thoughts or Roaſt thoughts as Smoak them,* ] *then he compares Thunder, Lightning, and Roaring of Guns to Incenſe, and ſays he expreſſes his loud joys in a conſort of Thundering Guns, as men ſend up ſilent Vows in gentle Incenſe, if this deſcription is not plentifully ſupplyed with Nonſenſe, I'le refer my ſelf to the Reader*] and I to mine. 'Tis *plentifully ſupplyed* indeed, for Mr. *Commentator* has given us *Ample* Teſtimonies of his *ſtock* of Nonſenſe, in his over kindneſs to this *Authors wants*, in furniſhing him with ſo large *ſupplies* of it: 'Tis well he has ſo much to ſpare, that he can afford his very Enemies ſuch quantity. I aſſure you were it a thing I much delighted in, I ſhould Court his friendſhip above any mans I know. But how little delight ſoever I take in it, to ſhow you I am not an abſolute *Nonſenſe hater*, I'le return to his laſt *Argument*.

[ *Can thoughts go up in Smoak, or be Baked or Roaſted?* ] How *Common* an expreſſion, ſending up Vows to Heaven in Incenſe and ſacrifice is, I leave to the judgment of thoſe that have a great deal leſs *converſation* in *Books*, ſuch as have read leſs, but underſtood more ſenſe than Mr. *Dryden*. Now for the Simile, which in plain ſenſe runs thus; *the General expreſt his devotion to the King in fire and ſmoak as men ſend up Vows to Heaven in Incenſe.* But then Sir *Politick Would bee* has found out [ *that Canons make a roaring fire, and Incenſe a gentle ſilent fire,* ] he might as well have gone on, and ſaid that *Incenſe makes a ſweet fire, and Gunpowder a ſtinking fire; therefore his deſcription ſtinks, and 'tis no Simile. Beſides, Canons are made of Iron or Braſs, and Altars on which Incenſe is burnt of Stone or brick,* no Simile agen.

At this *Senſleſs* Rate will I make the beſt *Simile* that can be writ Nonſenſe. And for example take a *rarity*, a Simile with ſenſe in it. In his Granada *Almanzor* ſays of *Boabdelin*,

" *But at my eaſe, thy deſtiny I ſend,*
" *By ceaſing from this Hour to be thy friend.*
" *Like Heaven I need but only to ſtand ſtill,*
" *And not concurring to thy Life I kill.*

Here if I'de be as impertinent as he, I ſhould ask how can *Almanzors ſtanding ſtill* be like *Heavens* ſtanding ſtill. If he means That Heaven in which the fixt Stars are, and be of *Copernicus* opinion, the *ſuppoſition* of his Simile is Nonſenſe: But if of *Ptolemys*, and ſuppoſing Heaven ſhould deſiſt from *motion* and *influence*, he muſt infer the deſtruction of *Day* and *Night*, and *ſeaſons*, and by conſequence the ruine of all *Mankind*: or if he means by *Heaven* the *Divinity* that rules the world 'twould be as bad. How then can *Almanzors* ſtanding ſtill which threatens but the ruine of a poor *Pigmey King Boabdelin*, be compared to the ſtanding ſtill of Heaven which ruins a *World*.

By this *extravagant reaſoning*, I'le prove the beſt thing he ever wrote Nonſenſe; And what with Larding of *part Quibble*, and *part Sophiſtry* imitate his way of *arguing*, and make his *deſcription* of *Ships* every Line Nonſenſe, and demonſtrate it ſo plainly, that if my *Pamphlet Readers* be but half ſo much *Fools* as I ſuppoſe he thought his would be, I ſhall Infallibly bring e'm to my ſide.

" *I went in order Sir to your command,*
" *To view the utmoſt limits of the Land.*

Then *Gyomar* muſt be ſuppoſed to have rode round the Land for his Fathers Kingdom had its utmoſt limits on *all ſides* as well as on *that ſide*, where *Cortez his Fleet landed*. But *Gyomar* in the following Lines tells you *he had been but one way*, and therefore the utmoſt limits of the Land is Nonſenſe.

" *To that Sea ſhore where no more world is found;*
" *But foaming Billows breaking on the ground.*

Here he makes two abſolute *contradictions* in two Lines, in the firſt, he tells you of a *place where no world was*, and in the next he ſays in the *ſame place was world*, for if *Billows* and *Ground* which is *Earth* and *Water* be no part of the *World* in Mr. *Drydens Coſmography*, his *Philoſophy* will get him leſs credit then his *Notes* upon *Morocco*.

" *Where for a while my Eyes no object met,*
" *But diſtant Skies that in the Ocean ſet.*

*His Eyes no object met but Skies?* How did the Skies meet his Eyes, did his Eyes go half way, and the Skies come the other half towards him. *Oh, kind and coming Skies.* like page 27.

*His Death to tears their Chryſtal Orbs would melt.*

[*Would the Orbs cry at* Muly Hamets *death, O kind, good natur'd Orbs, cry your Eyes*

*Eyes out for* Muly Hamet. ] His Eyes met Skies; then they were like *Elkanah's Pilgrims.*

*Pilgrims whose zeal's more bleſt though leſs divine;*
*Go meet their Saints, but I muſt fly from mine.*

[ *I thought the Saints had ſtaid for them in their ſhrines, but Mr.* Settles *Saints are civiller than any other.* ]

But then why *diſtant skies* which in the Ocean ſet! If the *Indians* believ'd the Skies to *terminate* where they ſeem to do, I'm ſure the extremity of a mans ſight on the Sea cannot be 40. Miles, and if the Sky had *ſet* where it appears to do, *Gyomar* who had travelled above 1000 *Miles* by his *Fathers command* for no other reaſon but to *view the limits of the Land*, which Journy the Poet found out for a *Prince* of his Quality for no other cauſe than putting his deſcription in a *Principal Characters* mouth, this *Gyomar* of all Mankind ſhould never have call'd the Skies but at Fourty Miles off *diſtant skies.*

" *And low-hung Clouds that dipt themſelves in Rain,*
" *To ſhake their fleeces on the Earth agen.*

Clouds that dipt themſelves in Rain! I thought it had never been *rain* till it fell *from* the Clouds, *This is the greateſt piece of Drydenian Nonſenſe that I have met with yet*, to call the *exhalation* of *watry vapours* which makes rain, *Rain before* 'tis made. But Mr. *Dryden* is a *Scholar*, and can tell you it was *Rain in potentia*, and that he meant it for *pluvia pluvians*, not *pluvia pluviata* as a learnd Commentatour once prated of *natura naturans*, and *natura naturata*, p. 40.

" *To ſhake their fleeces on the Earth again.*

Why did they ever ſhake e'm before? Be like his Clouds were good three-piled laſting Clouds, that could hold wetting and ſhaking ſo often, and neither wear out, nor grow thred-bare, like

(Pag. 31. *Unravel their own Scenes of Love,*
[ *This implyes the Scenes were knit.* ]

Theſe Clouds were ſtronger ſure than Pitchers for they come not ſo often to the Well, but they are broken at laſt. But then why *Fleeces?* were they *Woollen* Clouds? Sure the Authors Brains went a Wool-gathering.

Like page 13. *To Flattering Lightning our feign'd ſmiles conform,*
*Which backt with Thunder does but guild a ſtorm.*

[ *Sure the Poet wrote theſe two Lines aboard ſome ſmack in a ſtorm, and being Sea-ſick ſpued up a good Lump of clotted Nonſenſe at once.* ]

" *At laſt, as far as I could caſt my Eyes*
" *Upon the Sea——*

At firſt then his Eyes were for *meeting* of Objects, but now at laſt for fear of noe reaching them ſoon enough, he *caſts* his Eyes at e'm. But then how did he get at e'm again when they were *caſt upon the Sea*, ſure *Gyomar* was an excellent *ſwimmer* for ſuch an exploit, and like Mr. *Settles ſhips* a rare *inſtinct animal* to find his Eyes

agen.

agen. But when he had found e'm, could he put them in agen and ſee *with them*? I have heard of *glaſs* Eyes being taken out of peoples heads, and put in agen, but never of *natural* Eyes before. p. 39.

*She is a Beauty and that names her guard.*

[*I have heard of a Hound-bitch, but never of a Princeſs ſo call'd before.*]

" ——*ſomething methought did riſe,*
" *Like blewiſh Miſts which ſtill appearing more,*
" *Took dreadful ſhapes and mov'd towards the ſhore.*

Why ſomething *like* Blewiſh miſts? Why did he not think e'm *really* blewiſh miſts, by his own confeſſion at firſt, he thought they look'd *like* miſts, and how could he tell they were other than what they *appeared* at that diſtance. Oh, but *Gyomar* was a *Conjurer*, and had the ſpirit of *Prophecy*; he knew before hand there was ſomthing more in e'm than *miſts*, and though he had a *miſt* before his *Eyes*, yet his *underſtanding* was *clear*. [*Oh fooliſh Poet that did not take the hint and purſue* Gyomar's *Character of a Conjurer, he loſt a good opportunity of gracing his Play with flyings and Machins.*] But then why ſomething like *miſts*, why not ſomething like *a miſt*.

*Then gentle as a happy Lovers ſigh.* pag. 7.
[*They two like one ſigh.*]

" *Which ſtill appearing more,*
" *Took dreadful ſhapes and moved towards the ſhore.*

Appearing more!

More what? more *miſty* or more *blewiſh*, no that's impoſſible for the *nearer* they came they appeard *leſs* blew and *leſs* like miſts. [*Thou wretched Blunderhead how confoundedly doſt thou intangle thy Brain, and cannot wind off it one clear thred of ſenſe?*]

" *Took dreadful ſhapes.*

Why *took* dreadful ſhapes! If they could *take dreadful ſhapes*, we muſt ſuppoſe they had not dreadful ſhapes *before*, and therefore this was but a *Copy* of their *countenance*, they did it only to look *grim* upon *Gyomar*, to put him in a *fright*, and make him *beray* himſelf, page 24.

*I can no leſs then ſhrink at horrours which my honour ſtain.*

[*How could his horrours ſtain his honour, perhaps it might make him ſtain his Breeches.*] I doubt not but the Poet gave *Cortez* his Ships this power of *taking* what *ſhapes* they pleaſed, that like his friend the *King of Brandfords Army* they might go in *diſguiſe*: And moved towards the ſhore. Was his *moving towards the ſhore* like Mr. *Settles*, (*guide their courſe.*) Did they ſteer themſelves? And why moved?

[*No doubt motion may be pleaſant like Mr.* Settles *reuling, page* 15.
*As the poſture may be managed.*]

At this inſipid rate the *moſt wretched Scribler* in the World, nay one that had the *Soul* but of a *Pandion* and *Amphigenia*, might write Volumes of *Errata* on a *Virgil* or a *Cowley*; Nay and better than on a *Poliſh Princeſs*: at the ſame rate as *Beauty* and *Majeſty* may be *Libeld*. The *greatneſs* of the *Subject* heightens the *profanation*, but then at the ſame time the *profanation* does not leſſen their *Divinity*.

I

I could have gone through his deſcription of Ships at this *ſenſleſs Rate*, but I confeſs my ſelf not ſo *bold a writer* as Mr. *Dryden:* And though he had the *impudence* to trouble you with a *Comment on a whole Play* in this Style, I think the examination of 20. *Lines* with ſuch *dull*, *idle* and *impertinent Remarks* upon e'm would tire you. But Mr. *Dryden* has paſt the *Rubicon*, and has *over* and *over* agen in his Prefaces told you he has had the happineſs *to pleaſe an age*; and though, as he declares *he loves to ſpread his Gold thin*, Witneſs his *Love in a Nunnery*; yet you are *bound* to *like* whatever he *writes*.

But after all his *Gigantick* Arguments againſt Mr. *Settles Ships*, [*he has daubd him with his own puddle*] as he calls it, that is, with a Witleſs parcel of *Rhimes* in imitation of his deſcription; and becauſe Mr. *Dryden* ſhall ſay he is *Aped* for ſomething. I'le give him ſuch another on the firſt ſpeech of *Maximin*, which I aſſure him is much more to his purpoſe, and though perhaps it has leſs *Poetry* in it then *His*, that is, more *Truth*, yet If I ſhould not be thought to play booty, I would beſtow it on him, and deſire him to place it as a ſupplement to the other.

Maxim. "*Thus far my Arms have with ſucceſs been Crown'd,*
"*And found no ſtop, or vanquiſht what they found,*
"*The German Lakes my Legions have o're paſt*
"*With all the Bars that Art or Nature caſt.*
"*My Foes, in watry Faſtneſſes incloſed,*
"*I ſought, alone to their whole War expoſed.*
"*Did firſt the depth of trembling Marſhes ſound,*
"*And fixt my Eagles in unfaithful ground.*
"*By force, ſubmitted to the Roman ſway,*
"*Fierce Nations, and unknowing to obey.*
"*And now for my Reward ungrateful Rome,*
"*For which I fought abroad, Rebels at home.*

Bays: *Thus far my* Pamplet *with ſucceſs is Crownd,*
*And found no ſtop, or vanquiſht what it found.*
*My Mighty* Notes Morocco *have o're paſt,*
*With all the Bars, that* Senſe or Reaſon *caſt.*
*His faults in* ſlippery Fatneſſes *incloſed,*
*Him I've in* Print *to the whole Town expoſed.*
*Did firſt the depth of every Sentence ſound,*
*And Play'd the* Critick *on unfaithful Ground.*
By *force of* Nibling, Quibling, Scribling *Wit,*
*Made t'* unknown *Reaſons*, unknown *faults ſubmit.*
*And now for my Reward th' ungrateful Town,*
*For muſt'ring up* His *Nonſenſe, cryes* Mine *down.*

But now for a greater blow than this man of words has given yet. [*Morocco is an Inland City, and Tenſiſt never bore any Ships*, &c. *Therefore the Poet has cut this paſſage up to Morocco, for no other reaſon than to make an idle deſcription of Ships.* &c. *And how likely is it that a General ſhould bring home his Land-forces in a Fleet Sailing up a River*, &c.] If *Morocco* be an *Inland City*, ſo is *London* too, and yet the River *Thames* which runs by it, (as *Tenſiſt* does by *Morocco*, a River held as *great* as the *Thames*, and as *Navigable*,) can bear Ships, and bring up a *Fleet* near enough to be ſeen from any *Tower* in *London*, and why *Tenſiſt* muſt be prohibited from doing the like, Mr. *Notes* muſt reſolve us. But then why a *Fleet for Land-forces*, if he had ever read Geography, he had found ſome of the places which the Poet makes *Muly*

*Hamet* Conquer *Maritime* Towns, as *Salli* for example, a place which our *Coffee-house* friend, with no greater reading than a *Gazet*, by the name of *Salli men of War*, might have guest had been near the Sea. Nor indeed, are any that the Poet mentions very far from the Sea. But then the prettiest of all is, he's angry the General comes not home by *Land*: that indeed had been very *Comical* to have deserted a *Fleet*, and set his Ships a Float, that his Forces might travel so many Miles home by *Land*, and in so *hot a Country* too as *Morocco*. But granting Ships could not come so near *Morocco*: 'Tis very likely the *King of Morocco* might have a Fleet, (which *Notes* find fault with him for having) since his whole Kingdom lay on one side upon the *Atlantick* Ocean, though his *Metropolis* (granting Mr. *Commentators* assertion true) had been a hundred miles farther from the Sea than 'tis. I'le give him as good an argument as this, nearer home in his own Style. The *French* have no Ships, for *Paris* is an Inland City, and some hundred miles from Sea.

But now [ *For the Land of* Gotham *where we meet nothing but Fools and Nonsense* ]

Saies the King to his Victorious General.

*Welcome true owner of that Fame you bring,*
*A Conquerour is a Guardian to a King.*
*Conquest and Monarchy consistent are,*
*'Tis Victory secures the Crowns we wear.*

[ *Welcome true owner. As if a man could be a false owner or have a wrong right to a thing.* ] *A wrong right to a thing!* He takes all the care possible to twist *contradictions* together, to make every thing appear Nonsense. Nay, contutes the opinion he desires you to have of his *high conversation*, when he wilfully seems not to understand expressions that a man must meet every day in discourse. Has not he heard of the *true or right owner* of such or such a thing: For my part I blush for him to think what great structures his malice has designed, where his foundations are so shallow.

*A Conquerour is a Guardian to a King.*

[ *Poor King! The Poet makes thee here confess thy self fit to be beg'd for a Fool, and so chuse* Muly Hamet *for thy Guardian.* ] And so with a great deal of other stuff in pursuance of *Estate*, *Fool* and *Guardian*, he mawls the *Poet* and his *King*. If none but Fools have estates as his argument implyes: Mr. *Dryden* has politickly given you to understand the chief Reason why he is a *Wit*, and whether or no it abuses the Poet, 'tis no matter it flatters the Commentatour. [ *And the last two Lines*, (*he saies*) *rise and are more foolish one than the other.* ] But how! Heaven knows: for he has so hudled together a parcel of stuff, in which contrary to all his former objections, he neither aims at argument nor wit, as [ *A Conquerour is a brave fellow, and serves his King, and 'tis possible he may be an honest fellow and his King and him to agree*, &c. ] which no body denyes: that I cannot tell what he would be at. Then I must answer to what I think he means, and since his business is to make every thing Nonsense, we must suppose that *Victory* cannot *secure Crowns*, nor had *Muly Hamets Conquests*, and *Muly Labas* his *Monarchy* any *consistence*.

*Muly Hamet* is returned from *Reducing* some *revolted places* to their obedience *from retaking Towns from the Usurper Gayland*, and after the vanquishing of the Kings enemies, says *Notes*, he neither *serves his Crown*, nor has the *establishing* of a Kings Right and *suppression of usurpation*, nor the *enlarging his Dominions* any *consistence* with

with *Monarchy*. I am very glad our dear friend has got *ſtage preferment*, and that the State has miſt him, as for a *Play wright* he may paſs, but God bleſs him for a *Statesman*.

*My Actions all are on your name enrol'd.*

[ *What 'tis t'enroul upon Parchment I know, but not upon names.* ]
The meaneſt *Citizen* in Town, and the pooreſt *Servitour* in the Univerſity would tell him that putting ſo much upon a mans *name*, had ſignified placing ſo much to his account.

*With burning ſhips made Beacons on the Sea.*

[ *He fired Beacons after the Victory.* ]
Preethy take the fore-going Line along with thee.

*I made their Fleet to Conqueſt light my way,*
*With burning ſhips made Beacons on the Sea.*

To light his way to *Conqueſt*, is in *Notes* his Obſervations to light his way *after Conqueſt*.

*Whoſe very looks ſo much your foes ſurprize,*
*That you like Beauty conquer with your Eyes.*

[ *Here he gives Eyes to a Notion*, &c. ] and ſo on he runs for half a dozen Lines with [ *the Eyes of Features, the Eyes of ones Noſe, the Eyes of ones Mouth.* ] But then he checks himſelf, and ſays, [ *no, perhaps he means you like a Beauty conquer*, &c. *and then 'tis an Heroick Epithite to call a General a Beauty, and tell him he conquerd with his Eyes like a pretty Wench.* ] How Beauty is a Epithite here, he ſhould have told us.

'Tis his uſual way of making a great many Lines to ſhow how ſuch a thing taken in ſuch a ſenſe *would be* Nonſenſe. But then he cuts himſelf off and ſays the Poet means otherwiſe; and then 'tis Nonſenſe *this way* or *that way*: If the Poets fault lyes *here* not *there*, to what purpoſe ſignifies his firſt accuſation? Yes, it ſignifies much, for he is ſo kind to his Readers that he will not let e'm have *all Elkanahs* Nonſenſe, but *ſome* of Mr. *Commentatours*.

But then [ *to ſay the General conquerd with his Eyes like a pretty Wench is not Heroick.* ] Yes indeed had [ *pretty Wench* ] been put in inſtead of [ *Beauty* ] it had not been very Heroick, but as it is, it muſt paſs.

*No Madam, War has taught my hand to aim,*
*As Glory to deſerve a Lovers name.*

[ *Here he makes hands to aim, in another place he makes them give a blaſt.* ] *Blaſted with the hand of Heaven.* Which a younger Eye-ſight would have read page 52. of *Morocco. Blaſted by the hand of Heaven*, which quite alters the ſenſe.

Why not aim at Glory with his hand? if he conquers with his hand, why not aim at Glory by it. Perhaps he would have had him aim'd at Glory, *Almanzors* way which was *to look men dead*, who knew his ſtrength ſo great that he could threaten to kill *Boabdelins* Guards when he was diſarm'd. page 67.

*" Here take me, bind me, carry me away,*
*" Kill me, I'le kill you if you diſobey.*

But *Muly Hamets* Glory was a work of a greater labour to him. But *Blaſted by the hand of Heaven.* The common acception of the *hand of Heaven* ſo long uſed for Heavens *exerciſing its power* in any manner, *Elkanah* need not beg his *Reader* to juſtify for him.

*Though Mariamnes Love appeared before*
*The higheſt happineſs Fate had in ſtore,*
*Yet when I view it, as an Offering*
*Made by the hand of an obliging King,*
*It takes new Charms, looks brighter, lends new heat.*
*No Objects are ſo glorious or ſo great,*
*But what may ſtill a greater form put on,*
*As Optick Glaſſes magnifie the Sun.*

Here Bays makes a long harange, to prove that [ *Muly Hamet is a jearing Companion and by craft abuſes the King and his Siſter, calling the King but a pittiful Optick Glaſs, a thing to ſee through, and telling Mariamne that her Love ſeen through that Optick Glaſs call'd a King, ſeems to be a greater happineſs than indeed it is* ]

The Commentatour, it's to be feared, is more *crafty* than either *Muly Hamet* or Mr. *Settles Audience*: For I much ſuſpect, that the *jeer Muly Hamet* deſign'd the King and his Siſter was never diſcovered till now, and that ſeeing the Sun through a Teleſcope, implies that the King is a pittiful Optick Glaſs, a thing to ſee through, I doubt are as little of kin, as Mr. *Drydens Notes* and *Morocco.* A great deal of pudder he makes to prove the Authors words affirm that the Sun looks bigger than it is through an Optick Glaſs, which you'l find made out at the old rate, for he's as *conſtant* to his way of *Reaſoning* as he ſays Mr. *Settle* is to writing *Nonſenſe.*

Muly Hamet ſays, *No Objects are ſo glorious or ſo great,*
*But what may ſtill a greater form put on.*

What can that [ *Form* ] mean but the *viſible form* of a thing for the word [ *objects* ] proves it meant ſo, if the Author had ſaid *nothing is ſo glorious*, &c. there had been ſome pretence for an Objection. But an *Object is ſo glorious or ſo great* ſignifies ſuch *a thing appears ſo glorious or ſo great*, and then where is this wondrous Nonſenſe, when he ſays *no Object is ſo glorious or ſo great, but may appear a greater Object ſtill*, as the Sun appears a greater Object, when ſeen through an Optick Glaſs, then it appeared before.

*Your Subjects wait with eager joys to pay,*
*Their Tribute to your Coronation day.*

[ *Tributary Subjects agen. But the King is beg'd, and ſo they only give him Tribute: I ſuppoſe a ſmall Allowance for an acknowledgment, witneſs theſe two following Lines.* ]

*Whilſt they behold Triumphant on one Throne,*
*The Wearer and defender of a Crown.*

[ *In*

[ *It is something unusual for a Subject to sit on a Throne with a King, but he is his Guardian, whose authority sways all, as it appears by the next words.* ]

*King*: *Lead on*——
Muly Hamet. *Lead on, and all that kneel to you,*
*Shall bow to me. This conquest makes it due.*

[ *The Kings word of command signifies nothing, he is but a Cypher, and therefore his Protector* Muly Hamet *gives it.* ]

The Kings Subjects must be *Tributary Subjects*, because the Poet calls their publick expressing of their joy a *Tribute* to his *Coronation day.*

*A Subject and a King on one Throne is unusual*? What does he take a *Throne* for, a *Wooden Horse*, or a *Joint Stool*? just enough for one mans Breech and no more. I thought that Kings at a publick Solemnity, how high soever their Seats of State were erected, were so good natur'd to let their Brothers and Sisters sit by them, though perhaps there might be some distinction in the very place they sat on. But to *sit by a King* with Mr. *Dryden*, is to *Rob him of all his authority and sway all*, as he tells you it appears in the next words [ *Lead on.* ]

Muly Hamet [ *Lead on* ] The *King is a Cypher*, *his command worth nothing* ] Now in my simple Judgment had a less man then *Muly Hamet* took such a mighty word of Command as [ *Lead on* ] out of a Kings mouth, though he had been but a Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber, or a less man then that, the *Majesty* of a King had not at all been *impaired*, his *Power indanger'd*, nor he *made a Cypher*. Surely the *Laureat* (who I think has little reason for't) has the *left* and most *Comical Notion* of *Kings* that e're I met with.

*No Musick like that which Loyalty sings,*
*A Consort of hearts at the Crowning of Kings.*

[ *Loyalty sings musick*, *and kings a consort of Hearts*, &c. ]

I thought [ *A consort of Hearts* ] had been put by apposition in the same case with [ *Loyalty* ] and not followed the Verb, [ *sings.* ]

*There's no such delightful and ravishing Strain,*
*As the Ecchoes and shouts of Long Live and Reign.*

Here *Notes* objects [ *that Ecchoes are made only in Concave places and Woods.* ] *Elkanah* then shall grant that Nonsense, for this Solemnity was made in a City, and a City you know has no *Concave places in it.* ——

*No Musick like that which from Loyalty springs.*

[ *Like that which from*——*is a soft Line for a Song.* ]
[ *And Loyalty was Musick before, and now 'tis Homage*, &c. ]

Before Loyalty *sung* Musick, therefore saies *Notes*, it *was* Musick. Now Homage *springs* from Loyalty, therefore agen Loyalty *is* Homage. I may as well tell him that the *Notes* upon *Morocco* are Mr. *Dryden*, and perhaps with better reason, for they are *both* but a *Farce.*

But then how came [ *that which from* ] hither which he says *is a soft Line for a song*? Preethy honest *Old friend* take my advice, and do not betray thy frailty: why shouldst thou let the World know thou want'st Spectacles; preethy *read* that passage by *daylight*, and thou'lt find it *no Musick like what from Loyalty springs*; or if thou think'st

that they who read thy *Pamphlet*, never read the *Play*; were I as thee, I'de pawn ſome *better cheat* upon them than ſuch a *ſlight fiction*.

*No raiſing of Altars, like Long Live and Reign.*

[ *This Long Live and Reign, raiſes Altars: Sure Long Live and Reign built the Theban Walls.* Why, Man of large imagination does Long Live and Reign, raiſe Altars: Take the whole ſtanza.

*No Homage like what from Loyalty ſprings,*
*Wee'l kneel to our Gods, but wee'l dye for our Kings:*
*Wee'l pay that Devotion our Lives ſhall maintain,*
*No raiſing of Altars like Long Live and Reign.*

Sure the Poets plain meaning is no *Devotion* to *Gods*, is *like* (*viz.* equal,) to that they pay to *Kings*. And though [ *Long Live and Reign,* ] be but the *words* they uſe in their expreſſing their *Devotion* to their King, yet I think it a more pardonable expreſſion then this.

Alman. "*I will not hear one word but Almahide.*"

If this be not much a *bolder Figure*, I am infinitely miſtaken; For if *Almanzor* as he ſays, will hear no *word*, but *Almahide*, and means what he ſays, ſure he takes a ſtrange courſe of hearing the Queens impeachment, if he will have only *Almahide, Almahide, Almahide* buz'd in his Ears, I much rather ſuſpect he bids her accuſers keep cloſe to their matter, and that he will hear no diſcourſe but of her.

*Turns Vaſſal to a ſmile, a looks diſguiſe.*

[ *As if a ſmiling look were not a look as well as other ſort of looks,* ] ſo have all *diſguiſes looks* too, if the Critick had not been Lazy, he'd have found out that too: For it had been to his purpoſe as much as the generality of his Argumens. But in a *ſtrict ſenſe* a mans *natural look* is, what his *Aſpect* appears when 'tis not *alterd* by *Paſſions*, but *ſmiling* and *frowning* or the like, being the effect of *paſſions*, the look a man then bears may not improperly be call'd the *diſguiſes of a look* conſidering how like diſguiſes they are put on or off in a moment.

*Oh Charming Sex!——*
*How vaſt a Circle does thy Magick take?*
*The higheſt Spirits humbleſt Lovers make.*
*All that Heroick Greatneſs, which but now*
*Made haughty Foes and ſtubborn Nations bow,*
*Turns Vaſſal to a Smile, a Looks diſguiſe,*
*Who conquer Thouſands are one Womans Prize.*
*Fate ſets Commanding Beauty in their way,*
*Beauty that has more God-like Power than they:*
*Love o're the Hearts of yielding Heroes ſports;*
*Who're Conquerours in Camps, are Slaves in Courts.*

I have put the whole ſpeech down as neceſſary to tell how *fallacioufly he impoſes*

upon

upon his Reader, what is not in *Senſe* nor *Nature*. He picks out theſe two Lines in the Speech.

*Fate ſets commanding Beauty in their way,*
*Beauty that has more God-like pow'r than they.* And ſays

[*Fate ſets Beauty in their way, that has more power than it, here he puts falſe Grammar for Rhimes ſake; and Fate ſets Beauty in their way, which has more power than it ſelf. By conſequence it is not of Fates ſetting, but of its own; for without its own conſent Fate could never ſet it, if it has more power than Fate,*] If he had not deſign'd to have took *Poet Nynnyes* way of diſtributing the Copyes of his *Pamplet* to ſo many hundred of his particular Friends, who would have *cryed up* what ever he wrote *right* or *wrong*, he could not ſure but imagine that if it came to an *impartial hand* his *blind-ſide* would certainly be diſcover'd. But perhaps he had not ſo much *policy*.

Any Man ſure that could read *Engliſh* would have found in theſe words [their way,] that there was ſomething pointed at more than *Beauty* or *Fate*, which are *ſingulars*: but he cunningly cut of the connexion to conceal all things elſe that might be underſtood in this Speech, but ignorantly forgot to change [their way] into [its way] or [the way] which would have contributed to his deſign. But ſince he was ſo overſeen, we'l ask him *in whoſe way does Fate ſet commanding Beauty? in their way, who conquer Thouſands, and whoſe Heroick greatneſs makes haughty Foes, and ſtubborn Nations bow*, &c. as before. And *who then are they who have a leſs God like Power than Beauty? Conquerours, who though they can do ſuch mighty actions, as to make ſtubborn Nations bow*, &c. *are Vaſſals to a womans ſmile.* For what diſpute is here, but between *Heroes* and *Beauty*: if it had been only [Beauty comes in their way] and [*Fate ſets it*] had been left out, the ſenſe and meaning of the ſpeech had been ſtill entire. But ſuch is the *Reaſoning* of a man of Seven years ſtanding in *Cambridge*, and twice as many in *Covent-Garden Coffee-Houſe*.

## ACT The Third.

*'Tis now our Royal Mothers Breath muſt bind*
*That ſacred tye of Love my King has ſign'd,*
*And Providence has ſeal'd: Make her but kind——*

[*The King has ſign'd, and Providence has ſeal'd it: The deed being ſign'd and ſeal'd, how is the Mother to bind all with Breath. In witneſs it is ſooth, is ſhe to bite the wax with her Tooth, or to puff the Parchment into his hands? the Queen has a ſtrong Blaſt.*] what a firſt-claſs School-boys Queſtions are here: Why may not the Queen Mothers conſent be a further confirmation of their Love, or at leſt a ſatisfaction to the Lovers, Though the *Brother* had given him his right in her, and *Providence* had ſeem'd to conſpire, a *Mother* ſure might put in a word or elſe 'twas hard.

——Has

——*Has Luſt ſuch Charms*
*Can make her fly to an Adulterers arms.*

[*Can Luſt make her a Whore.*] If Luſt has more *Charms* then her *Honour*, or more *Power* over her, than the *fear* of that *puniſhment* or *ſhame*, that may attend an unlawful Love, perhaps it can. But for a *Virtuous Character* to wonder at it in a woman of her *Quality* and *reputed Virtue*; *Elkanah* has the confidence to think no Sin.

*I'le right her wrongs, but I'le conceal her ſhame.*

[*This* Muly Hamet *is an impertinent fellow, he will kill a man for lying with the Queen, though for ought he knows it may be her Husband, and lying with her, though with her own conſent he calls wronging of her.*]

How is it likely he ſhould be her *Husband*, ſhe was very much in *haſt* when her other Husband dyed but *two days* ſince; or how is it likely they ſhould *Marry* and he not know of it? what an *obſcure* perſon does he take a *Queen* for. The marriage of a Maid of Honour, would be blown over the Court in a leſs time: But perhaps they married *privately*, and ſo they had need if they were ſo haſty. But if *Muly Hamet* had thought ſo, he had greater reaſon to call *Crimalhaz* to account then before, for he that could be a Queens *ſecond husband* ſo nimbly, might be very reaſonably askt how he got the *firſt* removed.

Well, but for ought Mr. *Commentatour* knows, he might be her husband for all this: *But then how could he wrong her when ſhe conſented to it?* Preethy why didſt not go on, and to ſhow thy Learning tell us *Volenti non fit injuria.* But obſerve what a *Virtuous Character* in the Play calls a *wrong*, the *debauching of a Queen.* Conſent makes a thing no wrong, only incaſes where people have a *juſt and free Liberty to conſent.* As if a man ſtands ſtill to have his Pocket pickt, he is not wrong'd becauſe his money is at his own free *diſpoſal.* But 'tis very reaſonably ſuſpected that a woman ought not to have a free *diſpoſal* of her *Honour*, when not only her *ſelf* but her *Family* ſuffers by the loſs.

[*But then he carrying away* Crimalhaz*'s his Sword as witneſs of his Crime, the King meeting him immediately, (as 'tis the nature of Fools to be inquiſitive,) would needs ſee what* Muly Hamet *had got, and cryes,* Muly Hamet *ſtay, what have you there. Juſt* Jack Adams *like, Cudden! What have you under your Coat Cudden,*] but by his favour, as I remember 'twas not *under his Coat*; but let that paſs. The King ſeeing Muly Hamet with a *drawn Sword* in his hand at his Mothers *Bed-chamber* door, and asking him what have you there, is a *Jack Adams*: Had he *not askt* him, I will agree with him he had been ſo. Well there is but a *right* and a *wrong*, and if he be *a Fool one way* 'tis no matter *which*, with good natured Mr. *Commentatour.*

*But ſhe's my Mother, and I dare not gueſs——*
*Yet ſhe's a Woman, and I can no leſs*
*Than ſtart at horrours which my honour ſtain.*

[*The Women are much beholding to the Poet, for the good Character he gives 'em. His King can no leſs than gueſs his own Mother to be a Whore, becauſe ſhe's a Woman.*] He's in his old road of *reaſoning* without *circumſtances*, yet *ſhe's a Woman, and I can no leſs than ſtart at deeds of horrour*, as a *Queens entertaining* of a Man privately in a *Seraglio*, to which 'tis death to enter without the Kings *Signet*, which had been ſaid ſix Lines before; prithee *Old acquaintance* read *Hiſtory*, and underſtand a little better the *Mahometans* ſevere rules of honour on their *Womens* ſcore, nay go no farther than

than *Spain*, and thou'lt find how jealous they are of their *Womens* honour there: And how Capital a Crime 'tis for a Woman to keep company in private with any Man but her Husband. But the Men and Women both are much beholding to Poet *Dryden*, who has such honourable thoughts of *them*, and such good opinion of Mankind though *Turk* or *Spaniard*.

*I'le make him infamous, low and contemn'd.*

[*He will disgrace* Crimalhaz *for lying with his Mother, he will tell all the world and make him ashamed of it.*]

I'me much mistaken if the immediate Lines do not convince him that the King will be guiltless of any such tales.

*Disrobed of all his Titles he shall bleed*
*Like a Crown'd Victim to an Altar led.*
*Whose Wreaths and Garlands to the Fire are cast.*
*And then the naked Sacrifice falls last.*
*That sinking Statesman undergoes the worst*
*Of deaths, whose honours and whose power dye first.*

Is not the *loss* of his *honour*, *interest*, and *power* enough to make him *infamous*, *low*, and *contemned* without the divulging his Crime? Besides if before he wrote his bundle of *Errata*'s he had but *read*, he might have found that the way of the *Arbitrary Mahumetan Kings* had not been to bring great Men to *tryal* and *publish* their *Crimes*, but to send their *Mutes*, to save the trouble of a *Process*; and to take 'em off, without giving them satisfaction of *knowing* their *offence* before their death. Indeed I confess Mr. *Drydens Mahometan King* is something *singular*, and takes a more *publick* way of process on such an accounte as this: which for your diversion I'le entertain you with.

*Boabdelin* startled at *Lyndaraxa*, *Zulima* and *Hamets impeaching his Queen of unchastity, of being Whored by Abdelmedeck*, like a Cunning Politician to find out his horns *takes this way of tryal: he immediately commands the Vivarambla*, viz. *the Market place to be cleared*, that is, the Shambles and Stalls to be pull'd down, *and a Stage or Scaffold to be built upon the place. Which done, the Adulterer and the Queen are led bound by the hands of his Common Guards to the Stage. Her Majesty thus Usher'd, and thus Seated, and her Gallant by her; all the Windows round the place*, like, *Cheapside* at a Lord Majors Show, *being pull'd down*, and the *Area* crowded *with such company as you may imagine so publick a place afforded, her tryal is as follows. The two Accusers challenge two of her friends, of which* Almanzor *is one and* Ozmyn *the other, who appearing on the Stage and stripping themselves to their Shirts much after the manner of our* Beargarden *Duellers, the Trumpets sound. Then the Town Cryer, or some Officer much like, having aloud askt the Accusers their names and their business gives them their Oath, who downright swear the Queen is an Adulteress, and that they saw* Rem *in* Re, *then the other Party, having given the Accusers the lye in the face of the aforesaid Spectators, justifie the Queens Innocence, and swear by the Alcoran too, that their cause is right. Which* by the way is a pretty way of swearing to what they neither of them knew. For they neither of them *saw* what past between the *Queen* and *Abdelmedeck*. She might be a *Whore* for ought they knew. Oh but they had a *mental reservation*, She was no Whore to their *best judgment*. Besides *Osmin* was her *Brother*, and *Almanzor* her *Lover*, and though in the Scene before he had said [*he knew her false.*]

" *She was as faithless as her Sex could be,* &c.
" *Could she holily my flames remove,*
" *And fall that hour to Abdelmelecks Love,* &c.

Yet he is a *Man of Honor*, and to *swear and lye for the Honor of his Mistriss*, I have heard has been pardonable in a *Comedy*. *The Combatants then advance and fight, and judgment is askt of every thrust they make, which ended the surviving party or parties of one side carry the Cause, if Almanzor and Ozmin had lain, the Spectators had had the Liberty of crying a Whore, a Whore, a Whore; but they surviving, the Queen is as Innocent as Child in Womb, all is null and the contended man has his goods again.* If this be not an excellent *decision* of a *Mahumetan* peice of *Justice*, who have the *fame* above *Christians* in that *Virtue*, I leave the World to Judge. But the Chance of a duel is enough to satisfie so *sots a pate as Boabdelins* in the *dispute* of his *Wives Chastity*. This is as *Comical* a proof of a *Womans Virtue* as the *Madd Lovers Lyon* was of a *Princess*. This is the *Great* and *onely* Turne of *ten Acts* of a Play. Prethee dear heart set up for *Operas* such *Knight Errantry* and *Romantick Turnes* may pass there, but Faith thy *Talent* of late years does not lye in *Heroicks*.

But perhaps hee'l Swear us down that at *Granada* this *Ceremony* was in *fashion*, which by his favour, hee'l hardly perswade any man of *reason*: but if it were their *custom*, the Author was infinitely *mistaken* in his *Subject* to Write a *Tragedy* of what was a Story fit onely for a *Farce*.

*Yet nothing is so bright but has some Scars,*
*Men can through Glasses find out spots in Stars.*
*Yet nothing,* &c——

[*He opposes Scars to brightness,*] but how, he has not told us, [*and makes his Heroe a ridiculous Coxcomb, that is vext he is not faultless and immaculate.*] In the foregoing Lines he says,

*Oh weak foundations of a glorious name!*
*I from the Field do a Crown'd Conqu'rour come,*
*To turn a base Informer here at home.*

Here I must confess he is *vext* at a *fault*; and indeed that is a *sin* against the *principles* of Mr. *Drydens Heroes*. His commit greater crimes *unconcern'd*. His *Philocles takes his Queen Prisoner, and his Porphyrius comes in the disguise of a Moor to kill his King treacherously*; an excellent piece of Roman *Glory*.

*Love acts the part of Tributary Kings:*
*As they pay homage to their Conquerour;*
*Our kind Embraces are but Offerings*
*Of Tributa to triumphant Beauty's Pow'r.*

[*Why does not Love as well act the part of Undersheriffs or Bumbayliffs as they pay Fees to the high Sherif.*] Truly had it lain in our *Commentatours* way, he would have made this choice before the other. For I observe he has a very great *humility* in *Similes*.

" *He Like a Subtle Maggot eats his way,* &c.
In Granada page 63.
" *As flyes in Winter, when they miss the Sun,*

*Insect*

*Inſects* and *Reptiles* are *Compariſons* for his *Heroes*;
But now [*for the boldeſt piece of fertkian Nonſenſe.*]

*'Tis Blaſphemy to name, nay underſtand*
*What Princes act* ——

[*If their actions be good, to name 'em is to ſpeak well of Princes, yet with him 'tis Blaſphemy; that is, it is ſpeaking ill of 'em, to ſpeak well of them.*]

Who ſays this? the *Queen Mother*, *ſurpriz'd in the arms of Crimalhaz*, *who being told of the danger of a diſcovery*, ſays, *Who 'ere has ſeen us knows I am a Queen. That powerful word his ſilence does demand: 'Tis Blaſphemy to name, nay underſtand what Princes act.* What actions? and of what Princes is it Blaſphemy to name, but of ſuch as her ſelf, and what ſhe had commited? what has ſhe to do in this exigence to reflect on the good deeds of Princes? or why muſt [*what Princes act*] be *all* that Princes act *good* or *bad*. But how is it Blaſphemy to underſtand a thing? If to *underſtand* a thing, be to have a true and perfect *Idea* of a thing in ones *thoughts*. I'le ask him why may not *thoughts* be guilty of *Blaſphemy* as well as *thoughts* commit *Adultery*. And ſo if to *name* the ill actions of Princes be a ſin, why not the *thinking* of them.

*Know, Traytor, I am Mother to a King:*
*His Pow'r ſubordinate from me does ſpring.*
*My Orders therefore ſhould unqueſtion'd ſtand,*
*Who gave him Breath, by which he does Command.*

[*How is the Kings Pow'r ſubordinate to her becauſe ſhe's his Mother*] I do not believe the Poet could *think* a Kings Pow'r ſprung from his Mother, nor could he ſuppoſe *Laula thought* ſo when ſhe *ſaid* ſo. No more then his Benzaida, (when ſhe ſaid to the two Servants of her Father that were entruſted to ſee *Oſmin* diſpatched.

*"Say that to kill the guiltleſs, you were loath,*
*"Or if you did, ſay I would kill you both.)*

Could think her Father would believe, if that had been their excuſe, that two men could be frighted out of obedience, by *one poor harmleſs Womans* Threatning both their Deaths. And yet her ſaying ſo was not improper. If people in an *exigence* eſpecially ſuch whoſe *guilt* has left 'em no *juſt argument* for their *defence*, ſhould be *ſilent*, or ſay nothing but *truth* in their own behalf, all ill *Characters* would be ſuſpected to have a tangue of *Fool* as well as Knave.

*Is it not pitty now* ——
*That grave Religion and dull ſober Law,*
*Should the high flights of Sportive Lovers aw.*

[*A very Heroick expreſſion! Is it not pitty now, that there's a Law againſt Wenching the recreation is ſo ſportive.*] Yes indeed I am of thy mind 'tis *pity* [*the ſporting couple toſt and flung extremely if they had ſuch high flights.*] *viz* toſſing and flinging are flights.

The recreation indeed may be *ſportive*, but ſome *calamities* that may attend ſuch kind of flinging and toſſing may leſſen the *pleaſure*: as *Breaking ſhins* in Coaches

to

to get *Maiden-heads*, eſpecially if the Shins were crazed before: and twenty other worſe misfortunes.

*No, though I looſe that head which I before*
*Deſign'd, ſhould the* Morocco-*Crown have wore.*

[ Wore for worn. ] Amongſt his *falſe Grammars* as he calls them, he has obſerved through the Play; that the Author uſes [ wore ] [ bore ] [ befel ] [ ſhook ] [ took ] [ miſtook ] and [ ſo ſook ], in the *Preterperfect tenſe*, and that they ſhould be [ worn ] [ born ] [ taken ] [ ſhaken ] [ miſtaken ] [ forſaken ] and [ befaln, ] ſo that [ I have miſtook ] or [ I have forſook ] is Nonſenſe. For he ſays they are only uſed in the *Aoriſt*: For this I only appeal to the cuſtomary reception of the words, and though [ worn ] [ born ] [ ſhaken, &c. ] Be only *Preterperfects*, yet [ wore ] [ bore ] [ ſhook ] &c. are uſed both in the *Aoriſt* and *Preterperfect tenſe*, and ſeveral other words, [ I have eat ] or [ I have eaten ] or [ I have beat ] or [ beaten. ]

*Yet what's the fear of Tortures, Death, Hell? Death,*
*Like a faint Luſt, can only ſtop the Breath.*
*Tortures weak Engines that can run us down,*
*Or ſkrew us up till we are out of tune.*

[ *Down and Tune are excellent Rhime:* ] And are like to be ſo.

*And Hell, a feeble, puny cramp of Souls:*
*Such infant pains may ſerve to frighten Fools.*

[ *A meſs of abſurd ſtuff.* ]

[ *To ſtop the Breath properly implyes a Death by ſmothering, choaking or ſtrangling, ſo that he's for hanging* Crimalhaz *with a Hatchet.* ] Is he ſo? No Faith, I'de have him *behead* him with a Hatchet; and if it be ſo, that beheading will not *ſtop his Breath*, let him *Breath* on a Gods name.

[ *And why a faint Luſt? it is a ſtrong Luſt that ſtops the Breath.* ] Preethy *old Souldier* recollect thy ſelf, the *ſtrength* of it is *paſt* when the *Breath is ſtopt.*

[ *Tortures can run us down, or ſkrew us up, that is, Break all our Nerves and Arteries, Sinews and Bones in ſhort, they can only Torture us.* ] I know it good Sir. But when *Crimalhaz* ſays they can only skrew us up or run us down, his buſineſs is not to tell you the manner of torturing, but his ſenſe of the pain of it.

[ *Then what is Hell, a feeble puny cramp, an infant pain, he allows a Hell, and yet he ſays it is no Hell, 'tis but a cramp: he calls a place a Diſeaſe.* ] How, does he ſay 'tis *no Hell*? I thought in deſcribing what *Hell* had been according to his ſenſe of it, in ſaying *'twas a feeble puny cramp of Souls*, He had implyed that ſuch a thing *was*. Ah! but a place cannot be a *Diſeaſe*. I thought *Hell* had ſignified the *Torments of Hell*, oftner then 'tis uſed for the place of torments.

[ *To write the Nonſenſe he ſtuffs in every Line would put the cramp in my fingers.* ] Well ſaid *Tom Thimble, Snip, Snap, Repartee.* I hope the *Nonſenſe* thou haſt written came from thee with *leſs pain*, or thou wouldſt never have had the *Courage* to have wrote ſo much oh't.

*Since you have ſullied thus our Royal Blood,*
*The Grounds and Riſe of this paſt Crime relate.*
*That having your Offences underſtood,*
*We, what we can't recal, may expiate.*

[ That

[ *That is, come ſince you have lain with my Mother, tell the Trith how it was,* ] to give the reaſon why he lay with her, is not the deſcription of the Circumſtances *how* he lay with her; to have deſcribed thoſe indeed had been perfect *Drydeniſm.*

*A Womans frailty from a Womans Tongue.*

[ *As if it was a frailty to be Raviſht: She like the young Queen confeſſes her ſelf a Conſpiratour in her own Rape,* &c. ]
Read but the immediate Lines.

*Whilſt penſively I in my Cloſet ſate*
*My Eyes paid Tribute to my Husbands Fate,*
*And whilſt thoſe thoughts my ſinking Spirits ſeiz'd*
*His Entrance my dejected Courage rais'd.*
*The ſudden Object did new thoughts produce,*
*My Griefs ſuſpended, lent my Tears a truce.*
*For then I otherwiſe employ'd my Eyes,*
*Whilſt in his Aſpect I read Victories*——
And afterwards,
*Having a while upon each other gaz'd,*
*He at my ſilence, I his Eyes amaz'd*——

Now let me ask him why ſuch a Woman as ſhe that deſired to appear a *ſaint*, may not call it a Frailty to deſiſt from her Tears, and be diverted from her ſorrows for her husband that dyed but Yeſterday, by her ſudden admiration of any object whatever.

*But,* Muly Hamet *then your cruel Breaſt*——

[ *He raviſht her with his Breaſt, having a white Skin,* &c. ]
*Muly Hamet* was ſo unkind to cut off the Queen Mothers Speech in the middle; and this kind *Botcher* is pleaſed to piece it out. But why [ *Raviſht* ] *Sir Pol*, could no other *Verb* have followed [ *Ereaſt.* ] The Queen does not talk of Raviſhing 'till twelve Lines after this; and ſure *Muly Hamet* was not ſo hot, but he might ſtay a *thinking while* before the Sport began, and ſo *Muly Hamets Cruel Breaſt* might be firſt ſuppoſed to have harboured ſome thoughts to her diſhonour, and ſome *deſires* to be doing, before he fell to it.

——*His alter'd Brow*
*Wore ſuch fierce looks, as had more proper been*
*To lead an Army with, than Court a Queen.*

[ *He places a mans looks on his Brow, and ſays, his Brow wore looks,* &c. ] In the laſt act the *Queen* ſays,

*I ſhould meet Death with Smiles upon my Brow.*

This is ſo *notorious* an *Errour*, that 'tis not a ſufferer in the common *Crowd*, but is Arraigned amongſt the *Capital ſins* of the *Epiſtle*. This *Common Barrater* in Poetry is reſolved to jar and quarrel with every thing: Surely he has lived *long enough* to underſtand better, (one would think) Has not he heard [ *Brow* ] uſed for the *whole Face* or *Aſpect* of a man oftner than in a ſtricter ſenſe? Nay, has he not in *Granada* ſaid "*I cannot clear my mind, but muſt my Brow*, If [ *the Brow* ] be taken ſtrictly,

then *Bobdelin* has liberty to *make mouths* at *Almanzor*, provided his *Brow* be clear ſtill. I wonder how *fronti nulla fides* would ſcape with him, if the *Latine Authours* had the honour to be *examined* by him. But for Mr. *Drydens* ſake, for once I'le alter theſe two Lines, and expreſs their *deſign'd ſenſe* in words at *large*, and no *Synecdoche*. 1. His alter'd *Countenance* wore ſuch fierce looks, *&c.* 2. I ſhould meet Death with *Dimples in my Cheek*, or *with wrinckles in my Chin*; for that is *ſmiling*: This would be almoſt as good as the *incomparable* Line of *Almerias*.

" *Kil'd in my Limbs, reviving in my mind.*

*And as a Raviſher, I abhorr'd him more*
*In that black form, than I admir'd before.*

[ *She abhorrd him as a Raviſher in a black form*, &c. *this no body can make any thing of.*] Let it be in [ *that black form ſtill,*] and any body will tell you what to make of it by what the word [*that*] points to.

*Our holy Prophet dares not ſee him fall,*
*I'm ſure, had he my Eyes.*——

[ *As if changing of Eyes would alter ones mind.*] What ſays thy *Lyndaraxa* to this.

Page 93. " *Fortune at laſt has choſen with my Eyes,*
" *And where I would have given it placed the Prize.*

How often do expreſſions of this kind ſignify Eyes and inclination too? Sure this *Coffee-Houſe Oracle*, thinks all Mankind his *Cullies*, If he expects to be cry'd up for ſuch *ſtuff* as this.

*The Powers above would ſhrink at what he felt.*

[ *He has felt nothing yet as I know, but her*, &c.] Sure the King had told him, that for his offence *the Law required his death*, and what means the Queen Mothers pleading for him, but that, ſuppoſing that Law were executed on him, the powers above would ſhrink at what he felt.

*Here bind the Traytour, and convey him ſtrait*
*To Priſon, there to linger out his Fate:*
*Till his hard Lodging and his ſlender Food*
*Allay the Fury of his Luſtful Blood.*

[ *That is, here take this Letcherous fellow away, carry him to Priſon, mortifie him, and take down his Mettle, that my Mother and my Women may live in quiet for him.*] Since he's ſo good at *Burleſquing*; I may as properly apply it to Mr. *Commentatour*. Here take this *wretched Scribler away*, carry him to *School* again, *laſh* him, and *mortify* his *Letchery* of writing *Nonſenſe*, that the *Town* and the *Preſs* may be at quiet for him.

*My Soul! Dull Man, what has my Soul to do*
*In ſuch mean Acts as my betraying you?*

*Murder*

*Murder and Treaſon——*
*Without the help of Souls, (when I think good,)*
*Such Toys I act, as I'm but fleſh and blood.*

[ *This is written like one that thinks without a Soul as his Queen Mother does. Such Villanies I act and think, as I'm but fleſh and blood,* &c. ] She ſays indeed ſhe will *act* Villanies without the help of her *Soul*, as ſhe is but *fleſh* and *blood*; but for *thinking* without her *Soul* I cannot find any thing like it. For [ *when I think good* ] which indeed, is no more than (when I pleaſe,) reflects not at all, upon the *deſigning* or *managing* of her Treaſons, or the *acting* of her Villanies, but only upon the *time* when ſhe *reſolves* to be Villanous. As if ſhe had ſaid, *let me but once reſolve to be Treacherous, and the acting of Treaſon is ſo cuſtomary to me, that it comes eaſie and unſtudied.*

*Hell! No, of that I ſcorn to be afraid.*
*Betray, and kill, and damn to that degree,*
*I'le crowd up Hell, till there's no Room for me.*

[ *This is the principal huff of the Play, and by conſequence thickeſt of Nonſenſe*; &c. ] But you ſhall ſee how he proves it. [ *The Queen Mother ſays ſhe ſcorns to be afraid of Hell, yet ſhe plainly confeſſes ſhe is afraid of it, for ſhe will kill and damn to a horrible degree to avoid it.* ] At this rate every man that draws his *Sword* to *defend* himſelf, and *offend* his enemy, muſt be afraid of him. For her *killing* and *damning* to fill Hell till there's no *room* for her, is her *Guard* againſt the *Power* of Hell, as a mans ſword is his againſt an enemy. And ſo why ſhe is not afraid of Hell, ſhe proves in the following Lines, for ſhe ſhews that ſhe *need not fear* it; but then this mighty *man of morals* diſputes the *dimenſions of Hell*, and the *cauſe* of *damnation*, and ſays [ *ſhe is the liker to come to Hell her ſelf, than ſend others thither.* ] Oh! then the Queen Mother tells a *lye*, and threatens to do what ſhe cannot do; and therefore the Poet writes *Nonſenſe*. O thou *Great Maſter* of *little wit*, if all were Nonſenſe that perſons in plays ſay *more than they can do*, I am afraid thy *Granada* muſt ſuffer a great *Lop* to be ſquared into ſenſe.

Thy beloved *Almanzors rants* would dwindle much to come within the compaſs of *poſſibility*; nay his *large actions* too, which the Poet will force the audience to believe performed, would ſuffer *much correction*, to be brought to *ſtandard meaſure*. And ſo *his Picture of Achilles, would be much defaced by it*. But 'twere no great matter. Achilles would be but a little ſufferer for the execution that was done him *in effigie*: for like the piece of painting with the ſuperſcription of *this is the Dog, and this is the Hare*, had he not told us *he meant Achilles*, the *features* and *lineaments* he has made of him, like *Hugh Clod pates repreſenting the King*, would never have diſcovered the *original* without a *marginal note*. As I take it, I have heard that *Tamberlane* and *Bajazet* at the Red Bull, the *four London Prentices*, and the ſeven Champions of England *Club'd their Talents* to make up an *Almanzor*. But I rather think he had a more *modern* Original, and that Sir *Arthur Addles Maſty Dog* was his *fire*, for hee's very like him, *when hee's let looſe, he flies upon all perſons without diſtinction and where he lays hold he worries*. But this is his *leſt fault* in pretending *Achilles* was his *Almanzors* pattern, for he might read in *Juvenals* firſt *Satyr*——*Nulli gravis eſt percuſſus Achilles.* But his impudent *profanation* in his Epiſtle to that play, has arrogated a *greater Divinity* for the production of ſo *unſhap'd a Monſter*.

Next

Next he ſays.

*Betray and kill and damn to that degree.*

[*There he puts degree for number, and for Rhime ſake makes it palpable nonſence. For whatever there is in betraying and damning, in killing there is no degree, no man can be more or leſs kill'd. In betraying and damning there may be degrees, but then it relates not to the number of the damned, but to the exceſs of their puniſhment.*] Obſerve what *artifice* he has uſed to *cheat* you with an argument: he leaves out the line that follows.

*Hell! No of that I ſcorn to be afraid,*
*I'le ſend ſuch throngs to the infernal ſhade,* viz.

For that ruin'd his objection. *I'le ſend ſuch throngs*, (which was as good as *numbers* in any *Poetical Dictionary*) would have ſpoil'd all, for then [to that degree] would have related to the *exceſs* of the aforeſaid *throngs*, and not to the exceſs of *Puniſhment* [*But then why muſt all ſhe kills be damned*, &c. *Poor innocent People would be hardly deals with, to be kill'd and damn'd too*, &c.] ſuppoſe here agen, ſhe ſays more than ſhe can do: So did *Catiline*. *I'le Plough the Alps to duſt, and lave the Tyrrhene Ocean into Clouds*, &c. And yet *Ben* did not write nonſence in this expreſſion. But 'tis poſſible that his *Empreſs* might *murder* and *damn* too; but not *innocent people*, as commentator thruſts in to help on with the *Impoſſibility*.

How often the *great Deſigners of Treaſon*, have ſeduced other *inferiour Miniſters* to their *aſſiſtance*, and when their ends have been accompliſht, have for their own defence *betray'd* and *cut* off the inſtruments of their deſign, he need not fly far to Hiſtory to defend him: and if the making People *Traytors*, and *cutting them off* in the height of their *Treaſon*, do not give a great ſtroak towards their *damnation* too, I am much out.

*Monarchs do nothing ill, unleſs when they*
*By their own Acts of Grace their Lives betray.*
*When favours they too generouſly afford,*
*And in a Treacherous Hand miſplace their Sword,*
*Their Bounties in their Ruine are employ'd:*
*Kings only by their Vertues are deſtroy'd.*

[*They do not ill then it ſeems, to betray their Lives, provided they do not do it by Acts of Grace. Ingeniouſly inſer'd.*]

Prethee Mr. *Dryden*, why wouldſt thou have *Alkanahs Heroe* tell his *King* to his face, that a *King* may be a *Knave*, and *can do ill things*. Pray how *ungentleman like* is it in thy ſenſe of honour for a *perfect Character* to ſay to his Prince, *Kings can commit no faults but where their exceſs of Virtue is their crime*. In the laſt Act, our good Friends is angry at

*Kings are Immortal, and from Life remove,*
*From their lower Thrones to wear new Crowns above.*

And ſays, [*that Abdelcador*, (who ſays this to Muly Hamet his King and Friend) *in ſaying that all Kings go to Heaven ſpeaks ill Divinity*. Then to have ſpoken *better* Divinity, he ſhould have told his King, that *a King might be damn'd*. Indeed

deed I confeſs Mr. Settle might have made his *Heroes* tell their *Kings* to their Faces, that a *King might be a Knave, or damn'd, or the like*; but then he muſt have intrencht upon *Granada*, and have made all his *Heroes Almanzors*, and his *Kings Boabdelins*. 'Twill ſeem Ridiculous to give you an inſtance out of his *Granada*, becauſe we all know 'tis the *foundation* of his Play, to have his King call'd *fool, ſot, and Puppy, on what is ſo bad*, by his *ſawcy* and *maſterly Companion Almanzor*. Yet for once I'le venture.

In Granada Page 145.

Boabd. "*How chang'd, and what a Monſter am I made,*
"*My Love and Honour ruin'd and betray'd!*
Alman. "*Your Love and Honour? Mine are ruin'd worſe!*
"*Furies and Hell, what right have you to curſe!*
"*Dull Husband as you are*——
"*What can your Love, or what your Honour be?*
"*I am her Lover, and ſhee's falſe to me.*"

The King is *afflicted* for hearing his beloved *Queen* is *ſtrumpeted*, for which *Almanzor* calls him *dull Husband, what right have you to curſe, what Love or Honour have you!* No, that only is my right, I am her *Humble Servant*, and *ſhee's falſe to Me.* Mr. *Dryden*, 'tis true, has told us in *Print* that his *Almahide* is a *perfect Character*, and conſequently no *ſtrumpet*, and the Audience had heard *Almahide* through the Play *ſay* She would be honeſt. And of any *downright debauchery* I acknowledge ſhe is *Innocent*; *making Love at firſt ſight to Almanzor*, and *Bawdy Songs to entertain the King and Court*, being but a little *harmleſs Gallantry*, and no hindrance to the *perfection* of her Character, as you have been told before. But then how much more guilty is *Almanzor* to abuſe an *Innocent Ladies* Honour. Had he *enjoy'd* her, and *boaſted* of her favours, it had been a little more pardonable; yet not according to the rules of Honor, it being ſomething *Drydeniſh*, *Illnatured* and *unjauntee* I ſhould have ſaid, to fair well, and cry Roaſtmeat, eſpecially to a *Husbands face*. But as 'tis, 'tis unſufferable. To tell the King his *wife* was *falſe* to *Almanzor*, cannot but imply that ſhe had promiſ'd him to be *conſtant to her Intrigue*, and by conſequence *lye* with none but *Almanzor*, or elſe how is ſhe falſe to him? But *Cuckold* which may be an honeſt mans caſe is the left *aſperſion Almanzor* gives him, for in calling him *dull Husband, what can your Love* and *what your Honor be*, he does as good as call him *Eunuch*, and *ſot*, and *Cully*, for if his *wives debauching* be no loſs of his *Honor*, he is no better then the keeper of her *ſmall wares*, and a *Raſcally Wittall*. But after all this the *King takes no notice*, not ſo much as to make a *repartee*, nor has the *Galleſs animal* ſo much Courage as Poet *Ninny* to cry, you *are a Son of a Whore as well as my ſelf*. But there is good reaſon for it. The Author no doubt made him a Pattern of *Virtue*, and perhaps a piece of a *Scholar* too, that had read *Fortitudo conſiſtit ferendo magis quam feriendo.*

*Your Counſels weakly do my Ears attract.*

[*What is it to attract ones Ears; ſhall Counſels lug him by the Ears.*] *It muſt be this or Nonſenſe,* ] His *Dilemmas* are like the reſt of his *Logick.*

*Live then, till time this ſenſe of Horrour brings,*
*What 'tis to raviſh Queens, and injure Kings.*

[*Whose sense? for no body can tell*] 'tis a sign he keeps up his old *good opinion* of himself, that he's the Wisest of mankind, and if he cannot tell the sense of a thing no body else can.

*You see the Fates do their Allegiance know,*

[*As if she was Queen of Fates. Rather by her Character she is Queen of Sluts,*] Queen of *Fairies*, and Queen of *Gypsies*, all's one. But [*Sluts*] *came first and 'tis* Authentick but now for one of his Queens in *Granada*.

*Benzaida.*

"*Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too severe,*
"*Thou rul'st mankind, but art a Tyrant here.*

— I thought that *Lovers* had been *part* of *mankind*. Does he make *Demi-Gods* or *Monsters* of them, that they come not in the *list* with mankind. But then in the second line, *Thou rul'st mankind, But* —— he implies some great *distinction* between *ruling mankind*, and *being a Tyrant*; but I vow to God I cannot find it out; for the Devil's in't if I do not think that *Tyrants rule*, and *rule mankind* too, though perhaps not so mildly as other Kings; I must confess if his verse could have held it, *thou rulest the rest of mankind mildly, but art*, &c. there had been some appearance of sense; but no matter, 'tis *wrapt up in Rhime*, and I doubt not but Mr. *Dryden* has met with a *Swallowing Audience* as well as Mr. *Settle*.

*Blind King of Poets, thou art too severe,*
*A Wit with all men, but a block-head here.*

*Our guilded Treason thus like Coral seems;*
*Which appears Black within it's native Streams:*
*But when Disclos'd, it sees the open Air;*
*It changes Colour, and looks Fresh and Fair.*

[*He makes a guilded thing look like Coral and like a thing which first looks Black, and then looks fair.*] What wonderful *Similes* the *Author* makes. But our *Commentator* out-throws him a Bars length.

Alman. pag. 22.

"*Whom pomp and greatness sit so close about,*
"*That he wants Majesty to fill 'em out.*

As I take't, if his pomp and greatness sat *close about him*, they were *fill'd out* to his hand, without giving *Majesty* that trouble.

*Disrob'd of all at once? what turns more strange*
*Can Ages, if an hour can make such Change?*

[*Why what can Ages do more than rob one of all*, &c.] Yes ages can rob two or three *of all*. And if an *hour* could destroy the *second man in a Kingdom*, *Ages* might destroy *whole Kingdoms*.

*The Daughters easie Breast would ill confer*
*A kindness on her Mothers Ravisher.*

[*What*

[*What do you think I would be kind to a man that is kind to my Mother*] Honeſt *Poctaſter* let it be [*unkind to my Mother.*] Unleſs *Raviſhing* be a *kindneſs* in thy *Morals.*

——*Cruel Princeſs to whom Heav'n*
*Has all its Titles but its knowledge given.*

[*Here he makes knowledge a title*] Yes of *Heav'n* dear heart,

*Where I that Savage Raviſher I ſeem,*
*I ſtill might Father this imputed Crime:*

[*The ſenſe is, were I that real raviſher I ſeem, then I might ſeem the real raviſher I was*] Were *I a raviſher before I might be one now,* might have paſt as well. But Mr. *Notes* has an excellent knack at *illuſtrations,* and 'twere pitty he ſhould be *contradicted.*

*This Priſon, and our private Interview,*
*Giving me pow'r t'Attempt that force on you.*

[*Mariamne hearing him talk of attempting her is much pleaſed with him, and thinks him a Virtuous man preſently*]

*Virtue ne're dies, where ſo much Love does live.*

[*Nay and will huff the Gods in his behalf, what will ſhe not do for a man ſo luſty.*]
——*I'le correct the Stars,* &c.
I ſee our kind Friend *improves.* Before he ventured at diſcarding *one line* in a Speech, but here he has modeſtly ſnipt off *eighteen.* Sure Mariamnes kind *anſwer* came not ſo *haſty.* As I take it, ſhe liſten'd a little longer to ſome other diſcourſe before ſhe paſt him the Compliment of *Virtuous.*

*Fly theſe infected Walls, this barb'rous Town.*

[*The walls are infected with Barbarity. Then ſuppoſing they were cured they would be civil well bred walls*] I'me ſure thou art infected with *Malice:* But ſo paſt all cure, that I cannot ſuppoſe ſo great a *Miracle* as thy *Recovery.*

*Yes, in my Memory.*
*Abſent you ſhall in my Remembrance Reign,*

[*He ſhall not only reign in her Memory, but in her Remembrance*] He's a happy man then, and no doubt as he has her *Kernel* now, ſhe'l have her *husk* too when they meet agen.

*To make you ſhare thoſe Frowns which threatned Me.*

[*What knack have they in Morocco of pickling of Frowns, did theſe Lovers divide a Barrel of pickled Frowns*] Before he was for making the *Emperors* veins hold a *Palaful,* and now hee's for a *Barrel of Frowns:* a man that had been bred a *Clark,* and ſerved ſeven years to an *Exciſeman,* could not have had ſo *Mathematical a head-piece* [as his *Poſcript* ſays of *Poets*] at *gaging of meaſures,*

If

*If his raſh paſſions natures bonds ſhould quit,*
*And make him both my Sex, and Birth forget;*
*Remember that you wear a Sword, and you*
*As you're my Servant, be my Champion too.*

[*This Poet ſhews an excellent judgment in his choice of Characters.*] And why, becauſe *Mariamne* deſires her *Lover*, if her *Brother* ſhould be as *unjuſtly cruel* to *her* as he was to *him*, to reſcue her from his cruelty. I ſcarce believe the *beſt* and moſt *Virtuous* of her Sex, would think the Laws of *honour* ſo *ſtrict*, to tye her to a *Priſon* in compliment to a *Tyrannick* Brothers Humour. Such an obedience to a *Father* perhaps the Laws of *Heroicks* might exact.

*How dare you, Rebel, with things ſacred ſport:*
*Raviſh the Mother, and the Daughter Court?*

[*Juſt as Citizens carry their Wives to ſee Madfolks in Bedlam, the King brings his Wife, his Mother and his whole Family to ſee* Muly Hamet *in Priſon, and as it happen'd catcht him Courting his Siſter, and very like himſelf falls a railing, and asks him how he dare ſport with ſacred things, Raviſhing and Courting are the ſame things with him, both but ſporting.*]

To ſee *Madfolks in Bedlam* — the *Lyons in the Tower*, or the *Tombs at Weſtminſter*, it had been as much to the purpoſe, he's no *unimitable* man at *Similes*. then *his whole Family*. Sure the Bing of *Morocco* kept a very *thin Court*, if he had but Six in Family, for there abouts was the number of *Muly Hamets* viſitants: But if he means *his whole Royal Family*, then he muſt have included his *Siſter* who came not with him, and *Muly Hamet* would have put in for a *Couſin* too: Therefore he could not mean the *whole Royal Family*. Mr. *Commentatour* then is not ſo expert in *counting*, as he was at *meaſuring*. But let that paſs: *Meaning* he has if I were ſo learned a Clerk as to find it out; but ſince I cannot, I'le leave the *Notes* and examine the *Scene* in the Play. For I gueſs he would ſay for a *King* and *Queen* to viſit a *Priſoner* is *abſurd*. Truly I think *Muly Hamets eminent ſervices* to his King and Country, and his near *alliance* to his King, might have extorted ſuch a *private* viſit without the *violation* of *Majeſty*; But then *Raviſhing* and *Courting are both but ſporting*. [How dare you with things ſacred ſport] does not refer immediately to the Raviſhing the Mother and Courting the Daughter but to the affront done to their greatneſs in the attempts. How often *Ludere ſacris* has ſignified *profaning things Divine*, I need not beg my Readers for my advocates.

*Since Priſons no reſtraint o're Luſt can have,*
*Why did I not confine him to a grave?*

[*Since nothing can rule this Town-bull, I will have his Brains knocks out: This Diſcourſe muſt needs move pitty.*] I'm ſorry then *Elkanah* had the hint no ſooner, but put in theſe two fooliſh Lines, when ſo moving a thought might have been had for asking.

*Not circled in a Chain, but in a Crown.*

[*To be circled in a Crown as men are in Chains, is to wear a Crown about his middle, or upon his Legs.*] Faith Mr. *Bays* is i'th right. He hits the Nail but ſeldom, but when he does, you'd ſwear he's an excellent *Marksman*.

*Sir*

*Sir, You miſtake a Dungeon for a Throne.*

[ *A very fooliſh miſtake, as if one ſhould miſtake a Room for a Joynt-ſtool.* ] a very fooliſh one indeed, but ſuch a one as is nothing to hundreds in *Bey*'s his Notes. But take the foregoing Lines with thee,

——*I deſign'd ſhe ſhou'd*
*Be in a Palace, not a Priſon, woo'd:*
*Not circled in a Chain but in a Crown.*
*Sir, You miſtake a Dungeon for a Throne.*

Sure the miſtake lyes in his taking a Dungeon for the place to Court his Siſter in, not in taking a Room for a Joynt-ſtool.

*Theſe Priſon-walls have Eccho'd to your Sighs;*

[ *That Priſon was built in imitation ſure of the whiſpering place in* Gloceſter, *elſe it could never Eccho to a ſigh.* ] Obſerve his *Hyperboles*, as his Almanz.

"*And then I'le Thunder in your Ears——you ſhall——*
And his Duke of Arcos p. 151.
"*He lifted up his Thundering arm again.*

And then judge whether the ſaying *Muly Labas* his Sighs were ſo loud that they made an *Eccho*, or *Almanzors* voice and his arm could *rant, and ſtrike ſo loud as Thunder*, be the more ſtrain'd *Hyperbole*.

*Tortures nor Chains, ſhall not my Love rebate.*

[ *As if it were a worſe thing to be Chain'd than tortur'd.* ] Why muſt Chains be worſe than tortures? Yes, he's for Climaxes, and (ever ſince his

"*My Heart's not made of Marble nor of Braſs)*

'Tis hard to pleaſe him.

*Theſe Traytors walk, like Mad-men, in a Trance,*
*Seem not to underſtand the Crimes they Act.*

[ *Mad-men in trances are moſt ſtill, and do leſt harm.* ]
Put the *Comma* after Mad-men, which was overſeen in the Preſs, and then where's the fault to ſay, theſe Traitors walk in a trance like Mad-men; and if there be any fault 'tis comparing *madneſs* to a *trance*.

*From Springs ſo deep ſhall ſink thee down to Hell.*

[ *I have heard of ſinking of a Well, but never of ſinking people with ſprings before.* ] I thought our wiſe *Coffee-drinker* had heard of every thing.

*I ſhed my Tears as Rain in* Egypt *falls,*
*Sent for no common cauſe, but to foretel*

*Deſtructions, Ruins, Plagues, and Funerals!*
*I ne're draw Tears, but when thoſe Tears draw Blood.*

[ *Then they are not ſent like Rain in* Egypt *to foretel: Omens do not uſe to accompany or cauſe miſchiefs, but threaten them: Our Poets Omens foretel things after they are come to paſs.* ]

Did ever any man of common ſenſe crowd ſo much nonſenſe in ſo few words? He finds fault here *that the Poets Omens do not do as Omens uſe to do: Omens uſe to threaten, not to accompany or cauſe miſchiefs*, viz. as the Poets Omens, he infers, do; which he afterwards proves thus. For the *Poets Omens foretel things after they are come to paſs*; which, between theſe three terms [ *accompany* ] [ *cauſe* ] and [ *foretel after things are come to paſs* ] is; the Poets Omens come *with* things, or *before things*, for they come *after* things.

——*View that Brow, that Charming Eye:*
*See there the Grace and Meen of Majeſty.*
*Can you to Exile then that Man enjoyn,*
*Whoſe Soul muſt, like his Aſpect, be Divine?*

[ *She accuſes him of Raviſhing her, and yet pleads for his pardon, and ſays he has a Divine Soul, a charming Countenance, delicate Eye-brows, fine rowling Eyes, and has a lovely Meen, is an excellent Dancer. Words that before any one but ſuch a Fool as* Muly Labas *would clear him.* ] Which *Muly Labas*, does he mean, *Muly Labas* in the *Play*, or *Muly Labas* in the *Notes*; he of the *Poets* making, or the *Commentatours*? [ *Charming Countenance, delicate Eye-brows, rowling Eyes, lovely Meen, and excellent dancer* ] I confeſs have had ſo much favour with *Bays*, as to appear and plead for *Muly Hamets* reſtoration. But the Author of the Play was more unkind to his *Heroe*, to deny e'm appearance: But how does ſhe accuſe him of *Raviſhing* her? As I take it, that accuſation had been over two hundred Lines before. *Oh! but ſhe once did, and therefore ſhe does now.*

*Be gone, and fly to ſome infected Air,*
*Where Poyſons brood, where men derive their Crimes;*
*Their Luſts, their Rapes, and Murthers, from their Climes:*
*And all that Venome which their Soils do want,*
*May the Contagion of your Preſence grant.*

[ *Hee's for infecting the Air with poyſon,* ] Air dear heart in a civil way. [ *and deriving Crimes from Climes.* ] Yes, *Child of grace* do thee a kindneſs: Haſt not thou heard of *national inclinations*, of ſuch people naturally *jealous*, and ſuch *proud* and the like. [ *Their ſoyls? The ſoyles of the infected Air, or the ſoyls of the Climes.* ] neither, old Boy, neither. Men *derive their Crimes from their Climes*; [ their ] in *this Line* refers to [ Men ] and why may not [ their ] in the *next* have the ſame priviledge. [ *The whole is thus: Go to infected Air, and there piſs venome like a Toad, till the contagion fills the ſoyls of their Climes with Venome, and for the Lechery thou haſt ſhewn, maiſt thou infect infected Places with all the Rapes and Murthers they want. A moſt wiſe doom.* ] Yes, as *Commentatour* has worded it.

*Since in your Kindoms limits I'm deny'd*
*A ſeat, may your great Empire ſpread ſo wide,*

Till

*Till its vaſt largeneſs does reverſe my doom;*
*And for my Baniſhment the World wants room.*

[*Theſe are the only Lines in the Play, that have any tolerable fancy, but like a Suit ſent to a Botcher to finiſh; ſee how they are bungled together.*]

[*Since I am baniſht your Kingdoms, Heaven's bleſſing on your Empire.*] What he drives at here I cannot tell, unleſs he will not allow that *Kingdoms* may make an *Empire*, for I may well gueſs he has the ſame underſtanding of Empires as he had before of *Kings*. *May your great Empire ſpread ſo wide, till its vaſt largeneſs.* [*Bombazeen in abundance—May your great Empire grow ſo great, till its great greatneſs, or till its vaſt vaſtneſs, or large largeneſs.*] *This indeed is* Bombazeen in abundance; thanks to the *Courteous Laureat* for *his obliging kindneſs* in helping us to it: which in a Marginal Note is, *thanks to the Courteous Laureat* for his *courteous courteſie*, or *kind kindneſs*, or *obliging obligation*; Bombazeen in abundance too. How harmleſly does this *Cynick* bite.

*He Lives, though he be baniſht; and the Great*
*Are never fully darkned, till they Set.*

[*That is, great Links are never dark till they are out, as if little Links were out, before they were out.*]

Why muſt [*the great,*] be meant *great Links*? Why not a *Chriſtmas Candle*, *Will in a Wiſp*, *Jack in a Lanthorn*, any thing, 'tis all alike to thee: Did ever any man of *parts* Scribble at this rate. Well, he has been a Wit in his Time, and ſo forth, but ſee what *Age* can do; 'tis pitty his *Mercury* ſhould be *evaporated*, 'tis huge pitty, but *Age Age* as I told you before.

*This work, which we ſo roughly do begin*
*Zeal and Religion may perhaps call Sin.*
*No; the more Barb'rous garb our Deeds aſſume,*
*We nearer to our firſt perfection come.*
*Since Nature firſt made Man wild, ſavage, ſtrong,*
*And his Blood hot, then when the world was Young:*
*If Infant-times ſuch Riſing valours bore,*
*Why ſhould not Riper Ages now do more?*
*But whilſt our Souls wax Tame, and Spirits Cold,*
*We only ſhew th'unactive World grows old.*

[*Now if infant times had ſuch perfection, why ſhould not riper ages go beyond perfection, that is, if the World was ſo old and perfect whilſt it was young, why ſhould it not grow younger and more perfect now it is old! an ingenious inference.*]

If infant times had a *great perfection*, why may not *riper Ages* have a *greater*? he has never heard of *greater* or leſs *perfection*. But marke his laſt obſervation. [*If the World was ſo old and perfect when 'twas young.*] The Poet had told you, in the Infancy of times *men* were *Savage*, *ſtrong*, *hot blooded*, &c. that is, as Bays has it, were *old* and *perfect*. I wonder how [*old*] got in. Prithee do not flatter thy ſelf, [*dear heart, old and perfect*] (unleſs you mean *mallice* and *nonſence* be *perfection*) will not go together in thy Sphear. Then the Poet ſays when the *World* was young, *mankind* was ſo or ſo. But he looſes [*Mankind*] on which the diſcourſe is built, and ſays when the *World* was *young* the *World* was ſo or ſo. Was ever ſuch a *Rapſody* of *Impertinence* Printed, Nay and whats worſe, own'd

by

by the man that calls himſelf the *greateſt Wit in the Nation*. I am afraid the apparent *magnitude* of his Wit, will dwindle like his *Sun* in *Annus Mirabilis ſtanza*, 100.

" *That happy Sun, ſaid he, will riſe again*
" *Who twice Victorious did our Navy ſee,*
" *And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,*
" *Without one ray of all his Star for Me.*

I much ſuſpect the *Squire* (for I think that was his Title when his *Annus Mirabilis* came out) was like his *Silk-worm* in *Granada*

" *Loſt in his own web of thought;*

When he made the *Sun a Star*: like *Hamlets Cloud* firſt a *Whale* and then a *Weazel*. But perhaps this man of *learning* avoided the *Reading Aſtronomy*, as *Elkanah* he ſays, did *reading the Bible, for fear of ſpoyling his Fancy*: and indeed it had been pitty ſuch a Fancy as this ſhould have gone lame, though *Aſtronomy* had been made a *Cripple* by it. But no matter the Poet has heard the Sun and Moon are Planets: and all Planets you know are *Stars*. But (laying aſide his *Aſtronomy* and granting the *Sun* a *Star*,) *the Sun has not one ray in all his* Star *for me* if he makes this *Engliſh*, or *ſenſe*, Mr. *Settle* ſhall reſigne *all intereſt in* the *Apollo* over the *Kings Box, and compliment Bays his ſweet face with the place.*

*To him, who Climbs by Blood, no track ſeems hard:*
*The ſenſe of crimes is loſt in the reward:*
*Aſpirers neither Guilt nor danger dread,*
*No path ſo rough Ambition dares not tread.*

Theſe lines he has little to ſay to, but that [*they are tag'd with hard words, and end the act.*]

## ACT The Fourth.

*HOw! Crimalhaz up to the Mountains fled,*
*And with him the Morocco Forces led.*
*Oh Rebel!*

[*Oh Rebel! being all he ſays of him, is as Comical as if he had call'd him arch wag.*] Well but as I take it, the King and his Lords ſaid a great deal more of this *arch wag*, then theſe two lines. Aye, but they had as good have held their tongues, for they ſaid nothing to the purpoſe, his King ſhould have gone on, if our *Billinſgate* Friend had the *Inſtructing* of him. With *oh damn'd Son of a Whore run away with my Army, you Dog, you Raſcal, you Rogue, bring it back again*, when on the Contrary our Poet makes him [*leave off his Quarrel to Crimalhaz and abuſe poor Innocent Gold Inhumanely.*]

The

*The nameleſs Lord. Sir he only does perſue*
*That Treaſon which you lent him Pow'r to do;*
*He was your Treaſurer, and has made bold*
*To be too ſtrict a Guardian of your Gold.*

[*He makes a Thief a Guardian*] I wonder he did not perſue his hint in the ſecond act, and affirm that *Muly Labas* his *Gold* was as great a *fool* as himſelf, and ſo *choſe this arch wag for its Guardian.* It had been very witty: but no matter, thy Pamphlet is ſo well ſtockt with Wit already that it does not want it.

*Encamped on* Atlas *skirts, he by your Gold*
*Has Rais'd new Forces, and Confirm'd the Old.*

[*In the laſt Scene of the laſt act Crimalhaz was in Morocco. A pretty leap Elkanah makes him take from thence to Atlas,* 130. *miles.*] *read,* Friend, *read,* and thou'lt find thy miſtake here as great as in the River *Tenſift* before. The *skirts* of *Atlas* come within 12 *leagues* of *Morocco,* Which in the notes is 130 miles. But here lyes his miſtake, the *skirts* of a Hill, and the *top* of a Hill is all one to him: ſure he takes a Hill for a *Mole upon the face of the earth,* as a *Poet* and *Kinſman* of his in the *maid in the Mill* has it, and if *one part* be a hundred Miles off, the *whole* can't be much leſs. 'Tis well Geography did not lye in his way, what ſufferers would the Alps and the Apennines or the Mountain Taurus have been, if our bold friend had had but a Snip at their Tails too. But Heaven be prais'd though Senſe and Poetry have felt his heavy hand, Geography eſcaped.

But now for [*Poor Gold which the King falls upon ſo Satyrically.*] Firſt, our *Commentatour* will not grant the inveying againſt *Gold* or *Ambition* which animated *Crimalhaz* to be a *Rebel,* to be allowable in the King, or at leſt to have any affinity with his diſpleaſure againſt *Crimalhaz.* I'de ask him why does his *Almahide* make a long Harangue upon *opportunity.*

"*Thou vain ſeducer opportunity,*
"*Of woman-kind half are undone by thee,* &c.

When ſhe ought to have exclaim'd againſt *Almanzor* that made *uſe* of that *opportunity* to her diſadvantage, and not abuſed poor *opportunity.* How frequently in this manner are *reflections* on the *Cauſes* of things for the *effects* uſed in Poetry, and Oratory, in all Languages. But next for the *nonſence.*

*Oh profane Gold, which from infectious earth,*
*From Sulph'rous and contagious Mines takes Birth.*

[*Gold is profane becauſe it takes birth from infectious earth,* viz. *Infection is profaneſs*] Why [becauſe] cannot it be *profane* and *infectious* too, but it muſt be one becauſe 'tis the other. Cannot thy *Malicious* Pamphlet be *nonſenſical* but *nonſence* muſt be *Malice?* [*Then takes birth to be borne has a paſſive ſignification, and to take Birth, an active one, and one that takes Birth, is author of his own Birth.*] He that reads *Bays* his Pamphlet though a ſtranger to his *Perſon* and his *ſtyle* might ſwear a *Poet* wrote it, for his *obſervations* are much like the growing of the *Plot* of a Play in the *fourth* act. The *nonſence* grows as the *notes* do, and here it begins to thicken The loweſt Boy in Weſtminſter would have told him that [to be

borne] was a passive verb, and [to take] an active, but [to take Birth] is as far from a Passive *signification*, as his *notes* on *Morocco* are from the *sence* or *meaning* of the Author. *Nor is he that takes birth Author of his own Birth*, any more then Mr. *Dryden* is of his own Plays; his kind Friends *History Poetry* and *Romance* (as the Boy that was askt who made him laid of his *Father* and *Mother*;) found *staff* towards the making of them. I thought that the *Womb* that produces such or such a thing *gives it Birth*, and the thing that is born *takes it*, and yet it is not *its own Author*.

[*Then he makes the same thing Sulphurous and Contagious, whereas Sulphur is one of the best things in the World against Contagion.*] Did ever any man of *experience* in the World talk so ridiculously of *Physick*. If he had understood *Minerals* (as I *wonder* he does not) he would have known that *Mercury*, *Sulphur*, &c. Are *Medicinal* when *sublimated*, or used according to *art*, but in their own *nature* in the *Mine*, or in *excess* their very *vapours* are *mortal*.

*It grew from Poysons, and has left behind*
*Its native Venome to infect Mankind.*

Here Mr. *Critick* writes [it grows from Poysons] which in the Copy is [it grew from Poysons] which varyes the sence. [*Gold has left Venome behind has no Construction in it unless Gold has first fled away and left mankind its venome.*] [Has left behind] I esteem as good sence, as [still retains.] What does he mean by "*Had I yet left a Country to maintain.*" [has] is the verb, and [left] a Participle, and not [left] the Verb and [has] the signe of the Preterperfect tense. Which in *Latine* would be better distinguisht by the difference between *Reliquit*, and *habet sibi relictum*.

*Rapes, Murders, Treasons—what has Gold not done?*

[*What Verb governs* Rapes, Murders, Treasons.]

"*You are—you shall—and I can scarce forbear.*"

what is the Substantive after [you are] and what is the Verb—after [you shall?]

*If it has ever any Glory won,*
*Given to reward a Virtue, or decreed*
*T'a Pious use, or Charitable deed;*
*That Sacred Powr's but borrowed, which it bears,*
*Lent from their Royal Images it wears.*

[*Here he infers that no Gold can be given to a Pious use but stamped Gold, viz. money. Ingots or Plate can do nothing, or are worth nothing, the intrinsick value of Gold being in the stamp.*] Why does the Poet infer that no Gold can be given to a Pious use but *stamp'd money*? Because the King having lost his *Treasure* all his *money* being stoln from him, reflects upon the *ills* that Gold has been the *Author* of, therefore his discourse must refer to all Gold in all shapes *Ingots Plate, Chains, Collars of Esses, Rings, Thimbles, Bodkins*, or any things for they may be given to a *Pious* or *Charitable* use; as if he had not been strangely *forgetful* he might have recollected from the *Publick Faith* in the days of the *Committee*. But great Wits have bad Memories.

But

But if [*Elkanah*, as *Notes* ſays, *has but little acquaintance with Gold, by his miſtakes in it.*] I'le do him the favour to examine his *acquaintance* with it, by his *larger* underſtanding of it.

In the Indian Emperour, the firſt Scene.

" *Methinks we walk in Dreams on Fairy Land,*
" *Where* Golden Ore *lyes mixt with common Sand*;
" *Each downfal of a flood the Mountains pour*
" *From their rich Bowels, rolls a* ſilver *ſhower.*

A *ſilver ſhower* made of *golden Ore*, is the prettieſt Poetical piece of *Chimiſtry* that has been heard of. But perhaps he'll tell you that to convert *gold Ore* into *ſilver*, he *allays* it with *common Sand*, and that both of them together make a *ſilver ſhower*; indeed ſo *miraculous* a *compoſition* may do much. And take it Gentlemen which way you will, the expreſſion is ſo excellent in either ſenſe, that *Handy Dandy*, 'tis no matter which you chooſe.

But to ſhow you the *Squire* was not altogether unacquainted with Gold *ſub rentipanno* in his Muſes *Minority*, viz. in his *anno ætatis*, thirty and a *Way-bit*: You ſhall hear what he ſays of it then, in his *annus Mirabilis*.

Stanza 139. " *As thoſe who unripe Veins in Mines explore*,
" *On the rich Bed* [*a*]*gen the warm Turf lay*,
" *Till time digeſts the yet imperfect Ore*;
" *And know it will be Gold another day.*

If Gold lay no *deeper* in the *Mine* than that the taking up of a *Turf* would come at it, ſurely the world has been much *miſtaken*, in repreſenting the *ſlavery* and *toyl* of thoſe who *dig* Gold: if it lay ſo *ſhallow*, as he imagins, the digging up of a *Radiſh*, or a *Dairy Root* would be the *harder* piece of work of the two. I am afraid the *rich Bed* as he has deſcribed it, is little leſs *Poetical*, than *Parſly-beds for the conception of Children.*

And the covering a *Gold Mine* with a *warm Turf*, is much about the excellence of the Poetry upon the *Two Children in the Wood*, and the *Robin Red breaſts that covered them with Leaves.* You may ſee by our Authors *Notions*, at what Age he began to write *man*: But the perfection of ſo *immenſe* a *wit* like the production of *Hercules* required a *longer time* than ordinary. And though *upſtart* and *illiterate Scriblers*, as his Preface ſays of *Elkanah*, might Cruiſe upon the Coaſts of *Poetry* at twenty, (pardon the *Allegory*) for ever ſince [*Hunk of Love*] *Poetica licentia* will make bold.) But ſuch a prodigious *Sun* and *Star* in Poetry [*Hunk again*] aſcended not ſo ſoon into his Orbe [*Web of thoughts*, as our friend has it]. Kindneſs will ſhew it ſelf. I could go on now Allegorically, but ſhooting out, and never ſtopping to bait at Heaven has been before, &c.

*Kings Bounties all like the Suns Courteous ſmiles,*
*Whoſe rays produce kind Flowers on fruitful ſoyl;*
*But caſt on barren Sands, and baſer Earth,*
*Only breed Poiſons, and ſlye Monſters Birth.*

[*Bounties are very like ſmiles*, &c.] and in his examination of the Epiſtle, on the ſame Lines he ſays, [*the Poet calls a ſmile Courteous, and ſays a Kings Bounty acts like a ſmile: It had been more like ſenſe to have ſaid Kings in their Bounties all like ſmiles,*]

*ſmiles, and yet it had been ridiculous enough to compare a King to a ſmile,* &c. ] No man ſure but one that had been *drunk* when he *wrote* it, and never *ſober* afterwards to *peruſe* it, between the time it was *writ*, and the day it was *publiſhe*, could have *expoſed* himſelf to the world ſo *ſenſeleſly malicious*, and ſo *wilfully dull* as this *Farce* of a man has done.

The *Poet* ſays,

*Kings Bounties act like the Suns ſmiles.*

Therefore ſays *Notes*, [ *a Kings Bounty acts like a ſmile* ] Prethee take the *Sun* in, and be not more unkind to him here, than in your *Annus mirabilis*: to *ſhrink him into a Star* was *ſevere*, but to *make a Cypher of him* is a little too hard. Then he ſays [ *Bounties are very like ſmiles.* ] Nay now *King* and *Sun* are *both* loſt, and the diſpute lyes between *Bounties* and *ſmiles*, and they too *are* like one another, not *act* like one another; the compariſon being in their *reſemblance* not in their *effects*. Did ever any man ſo chop and change, and confound *things* and *qualities*, *actions* and *beings* ſo dully and to ſo little purpoſe; then his *Epiſtle* makes one more remark, that [ *thoſe Sands are not properly barren that produce Monſters and poyſons.* ] I cannot ſay they are *ſtrictly barren*, but I can ſay that this is not the firſt time they have been call'd ſo: But I am certain Sands that produce nothing elſe, can as improperly be call'd *fruitful* for the production of *Monſters*, as a *Dutch-woman* can be ſo call'd for the Birth of a *Sooterkin*, or Land ſo called that bears nothing but Weeds. I am certain ſuch Sands are more properly *barren*, than *Granada* could be *empty* when *Almanzor* and *Almahide* were out of it.

Almanz. "*We leave the City empty when we go.*

But you ſhall ſee what Mr. *Dryden* calls *Barren*: In his firſt Page of the *Indian Emperour* he ſays of *Mexico*.

"*Corn, Wine, and Oyl, are wanting to this Ground,*
"*In which our Countries fruitfully abound.*

And twelve Lines after he ſays.

"*No kindly ſhowers fall on our Barren earth,*
"*To hatch the ſeaſons in a timely Birth.*

Here he calls *Spain* a *Barren Earth*, which in the firſt two Lines was a more *fruitful Country than Mexico, producing Corn Wine and Oyl, which Mexico did not*: How much more *barren* then muſt *Mexico* be? and yet he told you that was a *happy Climate* in the firſt Line.

"*On what new happy Climate are we thrown.*

But a *Barren Country fruitfully abounding with Corn, Wine, and Oyl*, ſhall and muſt be ſenſe: for 'tis very unreaſonable that our *Grand maſter* in *Poetry* ſhould be leſs *Authentick*, then *Ariſtotle* in *Philoſophy*: Why not *Dixit Dryden*, as well as *Dixit Ariſtoteles*.

*Perhaps you have miſ-interpreted his Breaſt.*

[ *This*

[ *This Phraſe is not very proper.* ] Proper enough for ſo modeſt a Poet.

*He who forced Favours both from Fate, and Fame;*
*Made War a Sport, and Conqueſt but a Game.*

[ *Forcing Fate is altering on't, which is ill Divinity in Morocco.* ] Pray what Religion was *Zulema* of, when he ſaid page 19.

"*Would you ſo pleaſe, Fate yet a way would find,*
"*Man makes his Fate according to his mind.*

Was not he a *Mahumetan* too: And what ſays *Abdelmedeck* ſpeaking of *Almanzor*, page 17.

"*Fate after him below with pain did move,*
"*And Victory could ſcarce keep pace above.*

Which laſt two Lines if he can ſhow me any ſenſe or thought in, or any thing but bombaſt and noiſe, he ſhall make me believe every word in his *Obſervations* on *Morocco* ſenſe.

[ *A nameleſs Lord would perſwade the King that* Crimalhaz *has put a very honourable trick upon him, with running away to* Atlas *with his Army, which ſhould defend* Morocco *againſt* Taffalette, *as he ſays a while after, and that honeſt* Crimalhaz

——*Has from the common rout,*
*Of the worlds Beauties ſingled honour out.*

*The common rout of Beauties is excellent ſence:* ] If he that ſpeaks it be of opinion that *honour* is the worlds *greateſt Beauty*, I think it pardonable in him to call *inferiour Beautys* the *common rout* of Beautys in compariſon of that: But now for the greater fault the *Lords perſwading the King that Crimalhaz*, &c. I wonder where the fault lyes for the Lord to judge of the *intentions* of *Crimalhaz*, which he gives you his reaſon for, and tells you how he may poſſibly mean *honeſtly*.

*You know that* Crimalhaz *his high Command*
*Was formerly in* Muly Hamets *hand:*
*He who forced Favours both from Fate, and Fame;*
*Made War a Sport, and Conqueſt but a Game.*
*And therefore he, perhaps, to act ſome Deed*
*Which* Muly Hamets *glory may exceed,*
*Has for his Miſtreſs from the common Rout*
*Of the worlds Beauties ſingled Honour out.*
*And that which makes him his Deſigns diſguiſe,*
*He't make his flight of Honour a ſurprize.*

——*as ſhowers Luxurious grown.*

[ *The Luxury of ſhowers I never underſtood, but that Rain takes no pleaſure in its Luxury I am certain.* ] Then he has heard *Luxury* in *Men* is their *taking pleaſure* in ſuch or ſuch an exceſs, which ſhowers cannot do. is *Luxury* uſed in no larger ſenſe. Has not he heard of *Luxurious Branches of Trees*, and yet though *Trees* are as little *Epicures* in taking pleaſure as *Rain*; yet [*Luxurious Branches*] is not Nonſenſe.

*As Mountains Bulwarks are at Land, but Rocks at Sea.*

[ *That is, Mountains if any body ſhould miſplace 'em, and whip 'em up, and carry 'em into the Sea would turn Rocks, ipſo facto.* ] Why muſt theſe Mountains at Land be thrown into the *Sea?* are there not enough there already? Let thoſe ſerve turn and ſave him that trouble.

*Out-face his Treaſon e're its riſe begin,*
*Men baſhful are i'th' nonage of a ſin.*

[ *That is, out-face that which is now Treaſon before it be Treaſon* ] He's at his *Politicks* agen, juſt at the old rate. Why is not Treaſon, Treaſon, till it is ſet a foot, and put in action, I was of opinion that a *reſolution* or a *deſigne* of *Rebelling* againſt a King, might be *Treaſon*; but as before he would not allow *thoughts* could be guilty of *Blaſphemy*, now *thoughts* cannot be guilty of *Treaſon*. [ *Beſides the Engliſh of its riſe beginning is naught, Treaſons riſe cannot begin of it ſelf.* ] No I am of his mind: but if *Crimalhaz* deſign'd to be a Traytour no doubt he'd be ſo kind to lend his helping hand to put his Treaſon forwards.

*Your thoughts can't reach the flights which Treaſon takes.*

[ *If he means by flight the Wit of Treaſon, it muſt be thus, Treaſon's a witty thing you do not underſtand, he takes her for as errant a fool as himſelf.* ]
Whatever the Poet means by *the flights of Treaſon*, if he had made his King tell his Mother, whom he ſuppoſed virtuous, ſhe had *underſtood* the *flights* or *ſubtleties* of *Treaſon*, it would have been as groſs a Compliment, as to tell a chaſt Woman, *Madam you underſtand the tricks*, and *intrigues of Filts and Whores.* I think that the Complimenting the Queens *knowledge* and *underſtanding* in Treaſon would have reflected upon her *converſation* and *experience* in it. But no matter, he would have every Body as little *Complimental* as his *Almanzor*: and becauſe he makes no reſpect of Perſons, like the Fox in the Fable, *&c.*

*Kings that want Armes, do not want Majeſty.*
*Heav'n is ſtill Heav'n, though's lays its Thunder by.*

Which he Prints [ Heav'n is not Heav'n. ] He made an Errata at the end of his Epiſtle. But why his *Eyes* ſhould be ſo dimm or his *Spectacles* ſo *dull*, as to let ſuch as theſe ſlip without the leſt mentioning them amongſt their fellows I cannot gueſs, unleſs he deſign'd them: for in ſeveral places he quite varies the Authors *words* and *ſenſe*, and builds ſome of his Arguments on the *miſtakes* he has *impoſed* upon him. [ *As if any Fool believed Thunder made it Heav'n* ] As if any Fool believed the Author either ſaid or meant ſo, for he ſays *Heav'n is ſtill Heav'n without it.* [ *Here he compares his having his Army taken from him to Heav'ns Voluntary laying its Thunder by, for if it wanted Thunder as he Armes, or could be rob'd of it; it were no Heaven as certainly as Mr.* Settle *is no Poet.* ] O then the *Simile* does not come within the bounds of *Logick*, and becauſe *Heaven Voluntarily lays its Thunder by*, and the King *perforce wanted Armes*, therefore his want of Arms, and Heavens of Thunder, have not *compariſon* enough for a Simile. If he be ſo ſtrict I'le examine one of his beſt Similes at the ſame rate.

*" My Soul is soft, which you may gently lay*
*" In your loose Palm; but when 'tis prest to stay,*
*" Like Water it deludes your Grasp, and slides away.*

Now methinks (under his *strict laws* of Similes) *to lay a Soul in the Palm of a mans hand* is a very pretty *Poetical* Art, but no doubt the *Laureat* has read *Philosophy*, and heard that a *Thousand Souls may lye on the point of a Needle*, and therefore a mans hand is no confinement. But then to make a *Soul as soft as water*, would have rais'd a discourse of forty lines, in Mr. *Granada's* Observations, if Mr. *Morocco* had been the Author. But Heaven forbid *Poetry* should be so *circumscrib'd*, be once in thy life *good Natur'd*; *Veniam petimus dabimusque vicissim.*

*Go easy Fool, and Dye, and when you Bleed,*
*Remember I was Author of the Deed.*

[ *Here she bids him dye first, and then Bleed.* ]

I thought [ *bleed* ] and [ *dye* ] had refer'd to the same thing. Go dye but when you are dying remember, *&c.* but the Poet must keep to his word.

[ *Here he makes bleeding an action. Bleeding is a suffering and no action by the Poets leave.* ] But by Notes his leave though *bleeding* be a *suffering* in *Muly Labas*, It is an *action* in the Queen, if she or others by her *contrivance* give him that *wound* by which he *bleeds*. Never was *little wit* better employ'd.

*To enlarge Fates black records, search but my Soul;*
*There ye Infernal Furies read a scrowl*
*Of deeds which you want Courage to Invent;*
*Of which Hells Legends want a President.*

[ *Here he supposes fate that necessitates all actions records 'em done, which is nonsence.* ] How many hundred times has *the Book of Fate* and *the records of Fate* the *registers of Fate* or the like been used.

Alman. *" Kind Heaven thy book of Fate before me lay,*
*" But to tear out the Journal of this day.*

But then why does *he suppose Fate that necessitates all actions records 'em done.* If he'l make us go to the strictness of proveing what *Records Fate* has, *where kept*, and by *whom wrote*: Why may not we suppose *Subministers* of the *Fates* to write their actions, some *under Clarks to the Committee of Destinies*. Or why must it be nonsence if we suppose the *Fates* take the trouble on *themselves* and write their own Journals.

[ *But reading of a Soul is Nonsense* ]

He'd take it ill if I should at the same rate say, *" a Scrowl with this inscription Berenices Soul* were Nonsense.

Did ever any man take such freedom in Poetry and allow so little.

*Such storms as these this Climate never knew.*
*A shower of Hail's an Object strange and new.*

[ *Such storms as one shower is admirable English.* ]

Whyny

Why *ſuch ſtorms as one ſhower*? I read it ſuch *ſtorms as theſe*, and not ſuch *ſtorms as this*; and the foregoing Line relates to ſhowers of Hail in *general*, which that *Climate* never knew, and ſo [*ſhower of Hail*] in the ſecond Line to that *particular ſhower* that then fell. As if it were falſe Engliſh to ſay, *ſuch arguments as thine are all malice but no ſenſe, for an argument of thy making has neither wit nor reaſon in it.* If this be *falſe Engliſh* ſo let it be, but I am ſure 'tis *true demonſtration.*

*My Country Princeſs and my King forſook.*

[*Forſook is falſe Engliſh.*] Why not [*forſook*] the paſſive participle as well as [*forſaken.*]

*Theſe Tempeſts, Sir, are to my ſufferings due,*
*When my King frowns, 'tis juſt that Heaven ſhown too.*

[*When my King frowns 'tis juſt that it ſhould Hail.*] *Muly Hamet* makes this anſwer to *Abdelcador*, who ſurpriſed at ſo unknown a ſtorm in that Country tells him.

*I fear it does portend ſome ill event,*
*That waits upon your fatal Baniſhment.*

Sure then *Heavens frowning* was not in the *Hail*, but the *Ill* that it *portended.*
[*Mariamne having alone found out Muly Hamet ſays.*]

*Wing'd by that zeal, united Souls do bear*
*Thoſe Stars that ſmile on Lovers, brought me here.*

[*That is firſt carried upon wings of zeal, and then upon Stars; beſides the ſingle zeal of her one Soul is that which two Souls bear.*]
But firſt, why did *Mariamne* find him out *alone.*
In the ſame Scene a *Chariot* that brought her thither is mention'd.

*In her own Chariot to* Morocco *forc'd.*

And ſure ſhe did not drive her *Chariot* her ſelf: and if the *Chariot* could have been brought upon the Stage, no doubt the Poet would have lent her ſome attendants to appear with her.
But *why upon Stars?* If the *Stars* had took her up on their backs to bring her thither the Stars ſure had *long arms* to ſet her down gently agen without letting her fall. But why may not the *Stars* be ſuppoſed to have *influence* or *power* enough to bring her thither without the trouble of thy *Trumpeter Hornets*

"*That ſlide on the back of a new falling Star.*

I muſt confeſs the Poet if he had thought on't, might have introduced her by a *Machin*, and have had the opportunity of a *ſong* like *Nakar* and *Damilcars* with *ne're a word of ſenſe* in it, but 'tis too late now, and it muſt e'ne paſs without that *Decoration.* But then why is the *ſingle zeal of her ſoul that which two ſouls bear?* Yes by *Bays* his reaſon. If her Soul has the ſame zeal that all *united Lovers ſouls* have, therefore her ſingle Soul has *all the zeal* of thoſe Lovers, and thoſe Lovers themſelves have none.

*I for your ſake my wandring ſteps engage;*
*Devotion is the riſe of Pilgrimage.*

[ *This Princeſs is no better then ſhe ſhould be to tellone whom ſhe is not Married to that ſhe adores him,*&c. ] certainly *Devotion*, and *adoration* are *removed many Degrees*. *Devotion* amongſt *Lovers*, is as *Piety* between *Fathers* and *Children*, or the like, 'tis no *adoring*, nor *deifying* one another. But if *Mariamne* be *profane*, as he calls her, for her *Pilgrimage*, in leaving the *Court to follow her Lover* I wonder how much more *profane* is his *Benzaida*, whoſe *devotion* to *Ozmin* proceeds farther then being a *Pilgrim* for his ſake, ſhe offers to *dye* for him, and *fall a Sacrifice for Ozmins ſafety*. Does ſhe adore *Selin*, or make him a *God*, if ſhe *falls a ſacrifice to appeaſe his anger*.

*None of my Actions can fit Judges be,*
*But they who've ſoul enough to love like me.*

[ *He, by* [ *they* ] *and* [ *ſoul,* ] *which are of different numbers would infer that many men have but one ſoul.* ]

*None of thy reaſons can fit Judges be,*
*But they who're dull enough to prate like thee.*

I'm certain he that reads this *Pamphlet*, and believes there went *three head pieces* towards the production of this *Rarity*, will infer that one *rational ſoul* will *o're ſtock twenty* ſuch *Scriblers*.

*No Sir, thou doeſt belye his Name.*

[ *He calls him Sir firſt, and then gives him the lye, and wrongfully: For he does not belye his name, when he calls him his Prophet.* ] As I take it there was ſomething elſe ſaid about the Prophet beſides his name, in which he belyed him. But *Notes* is a *Courtier* and has found out that, [ *Sir,* ] is a compliment, and [ *the lye* ] an affront and therefore this Line is faulty, or the *Character* of *Muly Hamet*, that *Scharomaucio*-like, *flatters* and *abuſes* in one breath. [ *Am is the Rhime to Name too, it ſhould be Nam. But* Hameralhaz *takes no notice but goes on:* ] He was not ſo witty at *obſervations* as *Bays*, or no doubt he had ſtopt to have taken notice of ſo great a fault.

*Your Miſtriſs too muſt your misfortune find.*

[ *That could not be, ſhe could not looſe a Miſtriſs.* ]
This is almoſt as Politick a reaſon as *Abdelmelechs* page 25. of a *Prince* and a *Rival*.

*If a Prince Court her, whom I adore,*
*He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.*

Well here's one *excellency* in *Bays*, 'tis a perfection in a Poet to keep conſtant to his *ſtyle*, and I aſſure you *this* does, for his *Plays* and his *Notes* are all of a piece.

[ *Beſides he ſays 'tis his Fate, and his Prophet has doom'd him into the Bargain, yet calls it his misfortune, as if that happened by chance that were neceſſitated.* ]

How many hundred times has *misfortune* and *Fate* been indifferently uſed, without relating to the *chance* of the one and the *neceſſity* of the other.

*No Titles his eternal will confute.*

[ *Here he makes the will which is* cæca facultas *to be opinion, for nothing can be confuted but opinion. It had been nearer ſenſe, though it had not been ſenſe, if he had ſaid confute underſtanding.* ] Becauſe the *Will* in *men* ſubject to *paſſions* is *cæca facultas*, therefore *the eternal will of a Divinity is* cæca facultas with Mr. *Commentatour*: It had been more for his purpoſe to have affirm'd that the *underſtanding*, (that is, if meaſured by his) had been *cæca facultas*; for his has not the beſt *Opticks* I have met with.

*She is a Beauty, and that Name's her guard.*

[ *Here he makes the Quality of a Woman to be her name.* ] If I ſhould ſay *thou art a wit*, as a *compliment* it might paſs, but for a *name*, 'twould be *ſevere*, for 'tis the greateſt *Nick-name* that was ever put upon thee.

But then why nothing *confuted* but *opinion*! I thought *argument* might be confuted, and yet men may hold *arguments* quite contrary to their *knowledge* or *opinions*, as I doubt not but thou haſt done many, or thy *Pamphlet* had never ſwel'd ſo big.

*Good Fates as due ſhould be to Beauty given:*

[ *Give a Debt is none of the beſt ſenſe,* ] but give a man his *due* will be ſenſe, as long as thou writeſt *Nonſenſe*, and art *laught* at for it.

*Beauty which decks our Earth, and props his Heaven.*

[ *Whoſe Heaven?* Mahomet *is not ſpoke of in five Lines.* ] But I am ſatisfied he is ſpoke of, and to what can [ *his* ] refer to but *Mahomet*, [ *then how Beauty props Heaven he muſt tell us; for moſt think it ſends more to Hell then Heaven.* ] If thy great *reading* in ſo many Years has not inform'd thee, how *Beauty* props the *Mahumetan Paradiſe*, Thou art too old now to learn.

*When Heaven to Beauty is propitious,*
*It pays thoſe Favours it but lends to us.*

[ *Heaven pays favours to Beauties but lends them to men.* ]

[ *Favours are gifts: He gave debts before, and now he lends gifts.* ] *Why muſt Favours be always gifts?* He might have gone on and ſaid, that the Poet *pays gifts*, for he talks of *paying favours* as well as lending them. But I perceive the modeſt *Commentatour* thought his argument had Nonſenſe enough before, and therefore to have proceeded any further would have been ſuperfluous.

*With patience hear the Language of the Skie.*
*Heaven when on Earth it does ſome Change fore ſhew;*
*Does write above what we muſt read below.*

[ *Here*

[*Here for want of Philoſophy he calls Heav'n the ſky; and the Language of the ſky as he diſcribes preſently is Hail, a fine white Language; which Hail he thinks ingendred in the ſky: he has never heard of the middle Region.*]

If *Hail* (becauſe the Poet calls it the *Language of Heav'n*, viz. An *omen* of ill in *Morocco* as is afterwards expreſt,) muſt neceſſarily be *engendred in Heav'n*, I may as well tell *Bays* that his Bundle of *Errata's* are *Written* in his fore-head, and no where elſe.

*The ethereal walk was uninhabited.*

[*No walk was ever inhabited.*] What does he take inhabiting for, ſitting lying and ſleeping? I thought *Gardens* and *galleries* had been part of Habitations, as well as *Bedchambers*, or *Cloſets*.

*A Mourning Garb of thick black Clouds it wore.*

[*Penance is done in White, and that white is no Garb, beſides garb includes motion and meen*, &c.]

Becauſe for one offence Penance is done in white, therefore there muſt be no other doing of Penance, or no Penance can be done, but in white; Then *white is no garb*. he ſhould be a great Wit by his ill Memory. In the firſt Act, he askt *if Fetters were the crape or the Purple that Princes mourn in*, which was as much as to ſay that *dreſs* only could be a *garb*, but here *garb* has a larger commiſſion and includes *motion* and *meen*. But then why *crape* and *Purple* ſhould be garbs, and not *white cr e* or any other ſort of *white dreſs* is too nice a criticiſm for my underſtanding.

*The clouds diſhevel'd from their cruſted Locks,*
*Something like Gems coin'd out of Chryſtal Rocks.*

[*Beſides the nonſence of cruſted locks of Clouds, diſhevel'd is never made a verb, but if it were, to diſhevell Gems from locks is nonſence, but 'tis as proper as coining of Gems, no body ſtamps Jewels.*]

Why not *Cruſted locks of Clouds* as pardonable an *allegory* as *fleeces of Clouds* in his *diſcription of Ships*. I'me certain [*diſhevel'd*] is a more pardonable *verb*, then [elemented] an Adjective.

*"Thy Mortal Elemented ſon, in Granada.*

Then becauſe *Jewels* cant be *ſtampd* therefore *Gems* cant be properly cal'd *coin'd out of Chriſtal Rocks*. What does he think of money that has been *run* in a *mould* is not that *coine as* well as *ſtampt money*. Why then muſt the verb [Coine] ſignifie only to [ſtamp.]

*Of thoſe I reacht a Grain, which to my ſence*
*Appear'd as cool as Virgin innocence:*
*And like that too (which chiefly I admir'd)*
*Its raviſht Whiteneſs with a touch expir'd.*

[*Here is no manner of ſenſe?*] which he proves thus,

[*Nothing appears but to ſight.*] why may not [appear] be proper to all ſenſes as well as [ſeem] which in its true derivation *to ſeem quaſi to be ſeen* as in Latine [*videri*];

[ *videri* ] is more properly related to *fight*, yet we ſay *ſuch a thing ſeems loud, delicious, ſweet, painful*, &c.

[ *But why cool as Innocence? Virgins are far from being cooler then other women: I'm ſure, they have leſs reaſon having parted with leſs of their heat* ] how wretchedly does he quibble. So have *chaſt* women: yet *chaſtity* has been call'd *cold*. He might as well ask why *Innocence* is call'd *white*, when a *black* woman may be as Innocent as a *fair*. *With a touch expir'd.* [ *Nothing can expire unleſs it breath firſt, does a colour breath?* ] what doeſt thou think of [ *time is expir'd* ] does time breath? oh thy intollerable tangue of *impertinence*.

*Which chiefly I admir'd.* [ *A fine Botch.* ] Sure ſo ſtrange a thing as he had never ſeen before might be admir'd, and the Authour no Botcher.

Almah. 96. "*Theſe are the day dreams which wild Fancy yields,*
"*Empty as ſhadows are that fly o're Fields.*

Why [ *fly o're Fields* ] dear heart, but to make up a Rhime? [ *The nonſence of touching whiteneſs is admirable.* ] Sure his touching the *Grein he reachs* had made the *whiteneſs* of it *expire. Raviſht whiteneſs!* [ *Is a woman the leſs Innocent for being Raviſht.* ] No but her *Innocence* is *taken from her* as well as the *whiteneſs* of *Elkanahs Hayle*, with *too warme a touch.* which I think, ſence enough for a Simile, Its *Raviſht whiteneſs* being immediately related to the *Hayle* not to the *Woman*.

*Though Shou'rs of Hail* Morocco *never ſee,*

Which he Prints, *thoſe ſhour's of Hail*, &c. which makes it falſe concord in Grammar, and then tells ye.

[ *That it ſhould be* Morocco *never ſaw.* ]

But as 'tis in the Play, I hope [ *ſee* ] is the third perſon in the *ſubjunctive* Mood. But the greateſt part of *Elkanahs* lines which Mr. *Notes* has made bold with, have met much the ſame kindneſs, from him, as young *Bear-cubs*, they Fancy, receive from their *dams*. The *beaſtly Commentatour* has *lickt 'em* into *deformity*.

*And all the ſtory which the Slave did frame,*
*Was only to gain time to take his aim.*

[ *He makes 'em ill Marksmen for no man could have been ſo long aiming at a Wren, as they were at a Man.* ] Here he finds fault at the *conduct* of the Poet. Firſt [ *to make a deſcription of twenty lines to ſay it Huild which the audience knew before* is inartificial. ] Then his *deſcription of Ships*, is *inartificial*, for the *audience knew before that Cortez and his Retinue had Landed*, and that they came thither in *Ships* and not on *Horſe-back*. Neither is is deſcription of *Hail inartificial* though *Muly Hamet* knew it *Hail'd* before, for *Hametalhaz* deſcribes it as an *omen*, and like *Gyomar*, as one that had never ſeen ſuch a thing before. [ *Then* Hametalhaz *having a great many men in Ambuſh comes in the habit of a Prieſt to diſguiſe himſelf from two men and a Woman.* ] And why not? Does he think half a dozen hirelings or half a ſcore, which *is* more then either the Authour or Audience ſuppoſed *Hametalhaz* had, would openly aſſault *too men of Courage*: whereas though they might expect ſucceſs, yet they could not but be certain of loſeing ſome of their own lives in the aſſault, when an *Ambuſcade* might do more ſafely and as well. *But then they are ill marksmen to be ſo long about it.*

ſurely

ſurely there was more to be done than bare taking aim. It had been ſaid before,

*Purſue him out of Town, and in diſguiſe*
*With ſome diſſembling tale his cares ſurprize.*
*Till your confed'rate party has gain'd time*
*To lay an ambuſcade and murder him:*

For what *intelligence* could they have of the particular way *Muly Hamet* would take, ſo as to lay their *ambuſcade* before hand. So that his longdiſcourſe gave them time to draw up near him, as well as diſcharge at him.

*But miſſing of your Blood, your brave Eſcape*
*Chang'd his intended murder to a Rape.*

[*A Horſe may as ſoon be chang'd into a Poet, as Murder into a Rape.*]
Here he's at his old fallacy: What was [*his*] viz. *Hametalbar* his *intended murder*, but his *deſign* of murder, [but he Prints it] [*chang'd the intended murder,*] and though murder cannot be chang'd into a Rape, yet one deſign may be chang'd *to another*, though not *into another* deſign.

*I ſhould have fought till I my Princeſs freed,*
*Though I had waded through the Blood I ſhed.*

[*He ſhould have freed his Miſtriſs, though after he had ſhed Blood, he had waded through it, and ſpoil'd his Shoes and Stockings: Well ſaid* Elkanah, *to make the ſumm of his daring to wade.*] But ſure the *daring* lay as well in the *ſheading* ſo much Blood as in the *wading* through it. I muſt confeſs I have heard of more *Heroick daring*, than either of theſe two.

"*Nay more theſe arms ſhall throw my head at thine.*

Sure *Porphyrius* his *throwing his head* at *Maximin* after it was cut off, is ſomething more *Heroick* and *Poetical* than *Elkanah's Queen's crouding up Hell*, &c.

*As prophane ſinners are from Altars driven,*
*Baniſh'd the Temple to be Baniſht Heaven.*
*Horrours and Tortures now my Faylours be,*
*Who paints damnation needs but Copy me;*
*For if mankind the pains of Hell e're knew,*
*'Tis when they loſe a Miſtreſs as I do.*

[*At the ſame time to be baniſht and a Priſoner is a Bull*] I thought the *baniſhment* related to his *Perſon*, and the *Horrours* and *Tortures* to the *freedom of his mind*: but however had they both related to the ſame thing, they had been ſenſe, for Baniſhment is a larger kind of Impriſonment, for 'tis confining men to ſuch or ſuch Countries, the freedom of their native Country being taken from them. *Paints damnation.* [*Can a man paint paine, or can a man be like damnation.*] No: but a man may *deſcribe damnation* which is as good, and may not unlawfully call it painting damnation, and 'tis ſuppoſed when he ſays [*Copy me*] he means *deſcribe* me with all my *miſeries that attend me.*

But now for the *dulleſt objections* that he has made yet. In his Obſervations on the

*Mask* he ſays, [ *He thinks they never underſtood recitative Muſick nor Masks in Morocco. Nor did Taffalet take delight in the repreſented ſpoyls*

*Of* Cyrus, Ceſar *and* Æneas *Toyles.*

If the *true Characters* and *cuſtomes* of *Moores* in *Morocco* or *Granada*, or of *Indians* in *Mexico* were to be *exactly* repreſented in Plays on thoſe Subjects I fear Mr. *Dryden* has been as great a *Tranſgreſſor* as hee'd make you believe *Elkanah* is. To follow truth exactly in the repreſentations of *forreign ſtories*, would be as Ridiculous as to imitate their *habits* exactly. How ill and fooliſh would the dreſſing a Roman *with naked Arms and Legs*, be, or making a *Solyman* or an *Almanzor*, *and Almahide*, *ſit Croſs Leg'd* like Taylors: or dreſsing *Moores* in *Bootes and Mooriſh Women* in *trouſes*. Nay there ought to be the ſame care in repreſenting *Characters* as *dreſſes*. How ſenſeleſly and inartificially has he made a long and idle deſcription of *Almanzors Gallantry*, by his *encountring a Bull*, which though we all know is in uſe and in eſteem at *Granada*, how little and *impertinent* does the narrative of it appear here. All *Heroick* actions of *Virtue* or *Gallantry* on the *Stage*, being *rated* and valued by the rules of the *place* and *Age* they are preſented in, not by the ſenſe of the Age or place when and where they were firſt perform'd.

*I've been an actor in ſuch Comick ſport,*
*When in my Father* Taffaletta's *Court.*
*He took delight i'th' repreſented ſpoyls*
*Of* Cyrus, Ceſar *and* Æneas *Toyles.*

[ *Obſerve what ſhe calls Comick.* Cyrus, Ceſar, *and* Æneas *Toyles.* ]
Would'ſt thou have had her call'd them *Tragick* or *Paſtoral?*
[ *The Queen Mother perſwades Morena to go in Maſquerade, which Morena thinks a very valiant thing, ſaying.* ]

——*I dare do any thing, to ſhow*
*T' a Throne I change of Place, not Paſſions owe.*

[ *A generous brave thing to go in Maſquerade.* ]
If thou canſt make out that what ever a man *dares* do muſt be very *valiant*, *Generous*, and *brave*, the ten ſheets of nonſenſe thou hadſt the confidence to write are much to thy advantage, and have paſt a very great *compliment* on thee.

*Traytours rarely look like what they act.*

[ *Can the looks of Traytours be like Treaſon? indeed as like as any of his Similitudes.* ]
But not ſo like as ſome of *Commentatours*: For *Eays* has a very pretty *poetical* way of *invention*: when he has occaſion for a *ſimile*, not contented with ſuch *common* things as are in *ſenſe* or *nature*; ſuch as the *dull ſcriblers*, who, as he ſays, *ne're reach an Excellence*, take alluſions from, he forms more *Airy notions*, and ſo makes his Flights more *ſublime*. As page 23. *Abdalla* of *Lyndaraxa.*

" *Her tears, her ſmiles, her every look's a net.*
" *Her voice is like a* Syrens *of the* Land,
" *And bloody hearts lye panting in her hand.*

*A Syrens of the Land!* That is a *Land-Mermaid*: A pretty fancied creature, a *Land*

*Land Sea-monſter*: I have heard of a whole Book in this ſtyle; ſuch another kind of *Volume* as *Tom Thumb*, that would have done him a courteſie in this nature being *richly* furniſht with many ſuch *fancies* and *excellencies*, as a *She-waterman*, an *Iron Paretree*, a *Wind-watermil* and the like. And though *Bays* has a perfection above others in that *Mercurial* art of *filching*; yet I hope my inſtructions, though to a man ſo well *vers'd* already, may not be wholly diſacceptable. Beſides, *her* look's *a net*; is ſo *old a Phraſe*, ſo *ſtale an alluſion* that it has been in twenty *third-Form School-Boys* Exerciſes.

But perhaps the Reader, what ever his *other Thefts* are, will conclude his *ſimilitudes* his own by their *marks*: Yet to convince you, there is not the *leſt thing* he will not ſteal, his *Almanzor* ſays p. 69.

" *You daſh like Water back, when thrown againſt the Wind.*

The *Hoſt* in the Villain, *Slander returns back into the ſlanderers face, as a man that piſſeth againſt the Wind.* But ſuch *Petty Larceny* is not worth an *Arraignment*, nor would his Brethren *envy* at his *ſtoln Treaſures* ——*Omnia ſi ſic Dixiſſet.*——

*Poyſon'd! How was this Murder hid till now,*
*And by what Arts was it diſcloſed by you.*

Enter Queen Mother.

[ *Here ſhe enters abruptly, and anſwers to what ſhe did not hear.* ]

*That were too long to tell, th'unhappy Son,*
*This Night too muſt the Fathers Fortune run.*

O, then the unkind *Printer* has miſtaken her *Entrance*, which ſhould have been two Lines ſooner, which in the *Acting* I am ſure is not miſtaken. [ *And within three Lines ſhe contradicts her ſelf, ſaying to him,* ]

*I'le ſave your Life, your Empreſs, and your Throne.*

O does ſhe *contradict* her ſelf, ſo let her; but where's the fault to ſay, *Sir you will be kill'd to night. How kill'd? yes, unleſs you take my Counſel, which if you'l follow, I'le ſave your life*, &c. Which are almoſt the very words in the Play.

*On this Foundation I've this Structure laid.*

[ *To lay a houſe upon a Foundation is not Engliſh.* ] Therefore to *lay a ſtructure on a Foundation muſt not be Engliſh.* Though all *Houſes* be *ſtructures*, yet I hope all *ſtructures* are not *Houſes*: *one ſtone laid upon another is a ſtructure.*

*Knowing how ill your kindneſs hee'l requite,*
*If he ſhould find you Author of my flight.*

[ *He will if he ſhould in falſe Engliſh*, &c. ]
A very great overſight [ hee'l requite ] for [ hee'd requite ] he might as well have accus'd the Poet for letting.

My

*My fair Eurdice, my fair Eurdice,* instead of *Euridice.* Pag. 47. escape or at least go Unmentioned in his Errata, for 'tis a *hainous overfight,* viz. a *litteral fault.*

*Leave that to Providence: but grant he shou'd——*
*He would not sure attempt a Womans Blood.*
*At least when he considers how t'was don:*
*A Mothers Picty to save a Son.*

[ *Excellent Grammar. When he considers how 'twas done, to find me Authour of your flight, a Mothers Picty to save a Son. How 'twas done, a Mothers Picty.* ] But Prethee let us know why [ *To find me Authour of your flight* ] got in between the other two lines. Why? to make the Grammar a little *more excellent.* Thanks kind *Commentatour.* But then wherein lyes the great fault in the two last lines of the Speech. Where is thy *excellent Grammar* in *Granada,* Pag. 3.

" *But what the stranger did was more than man.*

If he puts [ man ] for [ humane ] 'tis a very bold *Drydenism*; but if he means *what the stranger did was more then man could do.* Then where is the fault to say.

*When he considers how 'twas don:*
*A Mothers Picty to save a Son did it.*

If this Liberty be prohibited, how many excellent Grammars will I find in Granada.

" *Must I then kill* Benzaida, *or must loose,* Gran. pag. 117.

" *'Tis better once to die then still to fear.* pag. 81.

" *And though I cannot break 'em I'le divide.* pag. 108.

" *My mind shall teach my body how to bear.* Ibid.

Loose what? and bear what? fear what? and divide what? where are the Accusative cases to [ loose ] and [ bear ] [ fear ] and [ divide ] which are all *Active Verbs.*

*I'le lead you where you may all eyes escape,*
*And privately put on this borrow'd shape.*

[ *What need he put on a borrow'd shape after he had escaped all eyes* ] Was ever such an *Impertinent* question askt? Though the King could escape all eyes for so much time as to put on a disguise, sure it does not follow that a disguise must be *unnecessary,* or that his escaping all eyes for a quarter of an hour must infer he could lye conceal'd a whole night.

*Whilst with the noyse of Drums, and Trumpets sound——*

[ *Tautology, noise and sound,* viz. *Noyse and noyse.* ] If [ Noyse ] without [ sound ] will make it sense, *noyse of Trumpets* is a pretty *term of Art of* Mr. *Commentatours.*

*Inhumane*

*Inhumane Monſter! ſuch a bloody fact*
*No mortal ſure can think, much leſs dares act.*

[ *to think a fact is nonſenſe, any one but Mr.* Settle *thinks thoughts not facts. I ſuppoſe if he has any meaning 'tis think on ſuch a fact.* ]
Any one but Mr. *Commentator*, I take it, can make *facts* the object of his *thoughts*, and to them that think 'em *facts* are *thoughts*. But why *think on a fact*? why may not [ think ] govern an Accuſative caſe. If thy *little head-peice* can make this line in *Muſtapha* nonſenſe,
*When they dare act what Monarchs ſcorne to think*, thou ſhalt have my vote for the *Chaire* at next Seſſions of *Apollo*.

*In your defence act your own Champions part,*
*With your drawn Dagger ſtab him to the Heart.*

[ *To ſtab him to the heart in her defence, was not to act her own Champions part, but to be her own Champion. But* Laula *ſubtly adviſes it be done with a drawn dagger Morena elſe might have been ſuch a fool as to have ſtab'd at him with a ſheath'd Dagger.* ]
Oh thou ſubtle Worm.

Granada pag. 4.
" *Shund and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.*

*Subtly contrived too*, if *Almanzors* Spear had not been *pointed* how could it have received the *Bull* upon it.

——*To take*
*This brave reſolve for your fair Vertues ſake;*

[ *Reſolve for reſolution. The Verb is never uſed Subſtantively by any but affected fools who underſtand not good Engliſh.* ]
*Ill Engliſh* there will be, and *affected fools* too as long as you and I live dear heart, take it from me.

*And this Heroick act looks brave and great.*

[ *A very Heroick brave and great thing to ſtab! well ſaid Elkanah* ] *and well Commented Bays.* Sure for a *Woman* and one of her *Quality* and *Character* to *ſtab a Villan, and a Raviſher*, for the protection of her own *Honour*, and the ſafety of her *Husbands life and Crown*, is not I take it againſt the Laws of *Heroicks*.

*My deeds above their reach and pow'r aſpire:*

[ *The doer may aſpire but not the deeds.* ]
This is like *out-face his Treaſon e're its riſe begin.*
[ *Treaſons riſe cant begin of it ſelf.* ] as Notes ſaid before.

*My Boſom holds more rage, than all Hell Fire.*

[ *This is fooliſhly unnatural: none ever loved and gloried in wickedneſs for wickedneſs ſake.* ] But to be a little poſitive with Mr. *Notes*, I am of opinion none ever

 *loved*

*loved* and *gloried in wickedness* but for *wickedness* sake: for the very *satisfaction* and *pleasure* which men take in the *doing* of *wickedness*; and for which *end* they commit wickedness, is *wicked* as well as the *doing* it. But if he means the *Queen is foolishly unnatural*, and kills for no other *end* but the bare *pleasure of killing*, he abuses her: for all the Murders, and Treasons she commits through the Play, are either for her *own safety*, or her favourite *Crimalhaz his advancement* to the Crown.

[ *But now for the splendid Mask with never a word of sense in it. In which he cannot refrain from nonsense in the very direction.* ]

*The Scene open'd is presented a Hell.*

[ viz. *The open'd Scene is presented a Hell very good English.* ]

Another body would have made it English thus, *The Scene open'd*, viz. *The Scene being open'd a Hell is presented*, [ *And a Hell as if there were more then one.* ]

Though Mr. *Commentatour* ( if he believes there's any ) believes there's but *one*, yet he will allow sure that *several Religions* varied in their opinions of that *one Hell*. And 'tis not nonsense to say the *Christians Hell*, and the *Heathens Hell*, besides [ a Hell ] which would not have been sense spoken in the Play, refers here in the *direction* to the Picture of Hell. *The Scene being open'd is presented a painted Hell.*

Pluto, Proserpine, *and other women Spirits*, &c.

*As if* Pluto *and* Proserpine *were women Spirits* if the Authors words had been Proserpine, Pluto, *and other women Spirits*, yet then it had been sense.

[ *Besides 'tis nonsense to say women Spirits, as if Spirits had Sexes* ] I know 'tis nonsense to say *women Spirits*, and I know dear heart, as thou doest, *that Spirits have no Sexes*. But this being in the direction is spoken in reference to the *Actors* that were *women* not the *Characters* they presented. For if the description only related to the *persons* or *buisness* in the *Play*; then it should not have been the [ Scene open'd ] but [ *the Tent open'd*; ] *is presented*, &c. nor should it have been [ the Stage is fill'd on both sides with *Crimalhaz*, &c. ] for this Mask is suppos'd perform'd in a *Pavilion*, in a Camp. But all *marginal descriptions* or *entryes* in Plays refer indifferently to the *real place* or *Persons*, as to the *represented Characters*.

Orpheus. *The grones of Ghosts and sighs of Souls,*
*Infernal Ecchoes, and the Houles*
*Of Tortured Spirits cease:*
*A gentle Gust*
*Has all things Husht;*
*And Hell in spite of Vengeance is at Peace:*
*Whilst Ravisht by my warbling Strings,*
*The Vultures moult their Wings;*
*The Furys from their Heads will shake*
*Each useless Snake,*
*The Scorpions loose their Stings,*
*And Hell it self forget their Tyrant Kings.*

His objection that [ *sighs of Souls* ] *is nonsense, alias Poetical, souls having no lungs* ] and his observation [ *that a gentle Gust is a bull, a Gust being a sudden violent storm of Wind* ] ( which by the way is the first time that [ Gust ] was ever so *defined* ) and his quarrelling [ *with warbling strings, voices being the only thing, he says, that warble.* ] and his finding fault [ *with moulting of Wings as an improper Phrase, when he says*

*ſays moulting of Feathers, but not wings, is ſenſe: moulting of wings is very new.* ] (which by the way too is not ſo over-new. *Annus Mirabilis Stanza* 143.

"*His Navies moulted wings be imps once more.*)

Theſe *idle remarks* are ſo very *ſilly*, that letting them paſs, or laughing at 'em is the beſt anſwering of them. Give our Commentator but Rope, and he hangs himſelf. The Proverb is ſomething muſty, but no matter.

But then for a more murdering obſervation.

[ *Hell forgets its Tyrant Kings* ] *would be true Grammar though not very good ſenſe.* [ *Hell forget their Kings,* ] *is ſuch falſe Grammar, that the loweſt Boy in Weſtminſter School would be aſhamed to write.* ] 'Tis well thou art paſt a School Boy, and ſo paſt all ſhame, or elſe thou hadſt never had the impudence to expoſe ſuch a line as [ *Hell forgets its Tyrant Kings,* ] for Grammar. If thou meaneſt Hell for the *place* of *Torments* 'tis palpable nonſenſe to ſuppoſe a *place* or *pain* can *forget* or *Remember*. But if thou deſigneſt it for ſenſe, and takeſt it that way the Authour meant it, that is for the Inhabitants of Hell (which is the only way he could intend it for, by the foregoing diſcourſe of *Vultures Scorpions* and *Furies* which are ſuppoſed to be *part* of them, and in which ſenſe 'tis very often uſed, as

*Flectere ſi nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.*

[ *Acheronta* ] for [ Inferos ] ) certainly thou art the moſt miſtaken in Grammar of any man of thy *Years*, and *great parts* (if ſuch thou haſt, that is, if all thou ſayſt be true) that e're I met with. [ Its ] for a *Pronoune* to a *Noun* of *Multitude* is excellent. Pray which is the trueſt Grammar to ſay. *Troy* held out ten years againſt *its* enemyes the *Græcians*, or againſt *Their* enemies the *Græcians*. But one thing I ſhould not omit, he takes no notice of the three lines before this.

viz. *The Furies from their Heads will ſhake*
*Each uſeleſs Snake;*
*The Scorpions looſe their ſtings,*
*And Hell it ſelf forget*, &c.

And ſo makes it falſe *concord* in Grammar, [ Hell will forget ] is Grammar, though [ Hell forget ] is not. For [ will ] is not only the ſign of the Future tenſe before [ ſhake ] in the firſt line, but before [ looſe ] and [ forget ] in the two laſt.

*Whence Mortal does thy Courage grow,*
*To dare to take a walk ſo low.* Says Pluto,

To which *Orpheus* anſwers.

*To tell thee God thou art a Raviſher,*
*No Tears nor Prayer,*
*Your unreſiſted Will controuls;*
*Who commit Force on Virtue, Rapes on Souls.*

[ Pluto *asks, whence does thy Courage grow?* Orpheus *anſwers, from to tell thee God thou art a Raviſher.* ] If *Pluto* had ended there, it had been ſomething: But put

put in *to dare to take a walk ſo low*; and then examine the connexion. [*beſides* Orpheus *came a great Fourncy to tell* Pluto *very great news*: viz. *that he was a Raviſher, as if he did not know that before.*] What if he did know it before, is *Orpheus* his *upbraiding* him of what he had done nonſenſe? Or is all Diſcourſe but *telling news* nonſenſe? Then the Poet ſays *Plutoes unreſiſted will cannot be controuled*, and *Notes* asks him. [*How can a thing be controuled that is never reſiſted?*] Aye! How indeed? But ſure [unreſiſted] has the ſame ſignification with [irreſiſtible] what [*cannot be reſiſted*, not what *is not reſiſted.* But then this blundering Grammarian, ſays, [*your unreſiſted will who commit*, &c. [will] *being the proximum antecedens to* [who] *makes it, falſe Engliſh*, [who] *for* [which] *and* [commit] *for* [commits.] *If it be* [which commits,] *and ſo true Grammar 'tis nonſenſe: For* Pluto's *will does not commit Rapes, it only inclines him to commit rapes on Souls.*] Well, *Grammar* and *Philoſophy* are things that buz much in *Commentatours* head, eſpecially in this fourth Act; but by the inſipid rate he talks of them, I durſt lay an even wager that ſuch another as *Fripple* in *Epſome wells*, with *his Laws of the Maids and Parſons*, and his *caſtigo te non quod odio habem ſed quod amem*; ſhall baffle him in both: By the damnable ſtumbles Mr. *Notes* makes in them, he is quite different from *Aretine* in his *Preface*, *who rayld not againſt God becauſe he did not know him*, for he on the contrary abuſes poor *Grammar* and *Philoſophy*, for no other reaſon but becauſe he never *underſtood* them. Let him alter it thus and ſee his miſtake. *The will of you who commit*, and then let him examine the propriety of the *Engliſh*; Is not [*your will*] and [*the will of you*] the ſame thing?

*Dares a weak Animal of Mortal Race,*
*Affront a God t' his Face;*
*And of a Crime impeach a Deity?*

[*An Animal of Mortal race is very elegant, as much as to ſay, an Animal of Animal race, or a Mortal of Mortal race: there being no animal but what is mortal.*] I Believe the School-boy *Elkanah*, when he wrote this, had learning enough too as well as *Bays* to tell him that an *animal* was of *mortal race*, and yet for all that he has a little of *Bays* his *confidence* too, to believe this Line more elegant, than our *Ironick* friend is pleaſed to think it. For had he ſaid dares a weak animal affront and impeach a God, 'twould have been as *dull* and *flat* (if poſſible) as a Scene in the *Poliſh Princeſs*, or the *Five Acts of Charles the Eight.*

[*The other Line is Burleſque.*]

*Thy Treath has damn'd thee, thou ſhalt dye.*

[*Firſt he is damn'd, and afterwards he ſhall dye: Here is Breath agen, which is every thing, and does every thing with* Elkanah; *nay, breath that makes others live, ſhall make* Orpheus *dye.*]

If a man ſhould tell me that any Creature living had patience to read thy Pamphlet out at once ſitting, I ſhould ſwear the ſtory of the Famous *Griſil* were nothing to him. Nay he deſerves to be Canonized as much as ſhe; and to make his *Memory* live like hers in ſuch another *Pindarick*, as

*Full fifteen Winters ſhe lived ſtill contented,*
*No wrong ſhe thought upon*, &c.

I know a friend of mine, that if he would be ſo kind and ſtrain hard, might do this man the ſame favour, and in the ſame ſtyle *Rhime him into immortality*.

But

But how prettily ſoever this Objection is worded, as [ *firſt he is damn'd, and afterwards dyes.* ] Firſt let me ask him if Mens *ſins* do not *damn them*; and then when ſins are committed *before* men *dye*, or *after death*? I wonder where's the nonſenſe to ſay ſuch a mans *ambition*, or ſuch a mans *blaſphemy* damn'd him; and wherein is *Pluto*'s fault to tell *Orpheus* that his *words had damn'd him, and he ſhould dye.* But then this over-curious *Sophiſter* has turn'd [ *damn'd* ] into a *Paſſive Verb*, [ *he is damn'd,* ] which relates to the *ſuffering* of *damnation*: For to ſay a *man is damn'd*, implyes *he is dead*, and *his ſoul in Hell*, and thereon he builds his ſeeming argument; but to ſay in the Active ſenſe *ſuch a ſin damns a man*, implyes (as the word is uſed,) that damnation will certainly follow as a reward of that ſin after his death: But his pittiful ſnarling objection, that [ *Breath which makes others live makes* Orpheus *dye,* ] is ſo *Phlegmatick* a thought, that none but our *ſenſleſs* man of *Gall* but would be *aſhamed* of.

*Unlooſe your twiſted Creſts of Snakes:*
*Into his Breaſt thoſe ſwift Tormentors fling,*
*And his tortur'd Entrals Sting.*

[ *Twiſted Creſts of Snakes* (viz. upon the Furies heads) *I take to be nonſenſe and fuſtian.* ] Ay prethee do, take it ſo and welcome: Thou haſt ſuch a pretty way of *taking things*, that 'tis pitty to baulk thee: I dare ſwear for *Elkanah*, that he would not be unwilling that thou ſhouldſt take all the Plays he has or *ſhall write*, provided thou wouldſt uſe them ſo harmleſly as thou haſt done this. [ But, *why ſwift Snakes? Snakes* (as he takes it agen) *are far from being ſwift Creatures.* ] Well, if the *Snakes* on the *Furies* heads as the *Poets feign'd*, were the *tormentours* the *Furies* uſed to fling into the Boſomes of *men*, and our *Commentatour* will take *Furies* and their *inſtruments* of *vengeance* to be *ſlow creeping things*, how can we help it. But I ſhrewdly gueſs, what ſome people would ſay of ſuch an expreſſion, as *a ſlow Snake ſlung from a Furies head.*

*Oh Sir, his fatal Doom recal,*
*Diſpel your furious anger;*
*Let not ſuch noble worth your Victim fall:*
*Be kind both to a Lover and a Stranger.*

[ *Here Proſerpine calls a God, Sir: 'Tis a very new Title for a God; ſhe might as well have ſaid, your worſhip.* ] I think not quite ſo well: I'm afraid a certain *new-made Rhimer* would take it very heinouſly, if I ſhould tell him that his *Amphitrite. My Lord Great Neptune*, &c. might have been as well *Your Lordſhip Great Neptune.* [ *Then how can worth fall a Victim; a worthy man may, but worth cannot.* ] How often [ Worth ] [ Virtue ] [ Innocence ] and the like, are uſed for [ Worthy ] [ Virtuous ] and [ Innocent people ] need not be askt: I wonder how [ wrong'd Virtue, ] and [ injur'd innocence ] ſcaped him in the Examination of the Third Act.

*I have a Miſtriſs in your Sphear,*
*Forc'd from my Arms*
*By Deaths Alarm's:*
*My Martyr'd Saint brings me a Pilgrim here,*

[ *The Sphear of Hell is Nonſenſe.* ]

In the laſt Act.

*I'le travel then to ſome remoter Sphear,*
*Till I find out new Worlds, and Crown you there.*

[ *I believe our learn'd Author takes a Sphear for a Country: The Sphear of* Morocco, *as if* Morocco *were the Globe of Earth and Water; but a Globe is no Sphear neither by his leave*, &c. ] *Commentatour* is as cruel here to [ Sphear ] as he was to [ inſect ] in the Firſt Act, which he would allow to have relation to nothing but a *diſeaſe*: So [ Sphear ] here muſt not be ſenſe, unleſs it relate to a *circular motion about a Globe*, in which ſenſe the *Aſtronomers* uſe it: I would deſire him to expound theſe Lines in Granada, page 29.

Lyndar. "*I'le to the Turrets of the Palace go,*
"*And add new fire to thoſe that light below.*
"*Thence* Hero-*like with Torches by my ſide*
"( *Far be the Omen though*) *my Love I'le guide.*
"*No, like his better Fortune I'le appear,*
"*With open arms, looſe Vail, and flowing Hair,*
"*Juſt flying forward from my rowling Sphear.*

I wonder if he be ſo ſtrict, how he dares make ſo bold with [ Sphear ] himſelf and be ſo Critical in other mens writings. *Fortune* is fancied ſtanding on a *Globe* not on a *Sphear*, as he told us in the firſt Act.

But then he ſays, [ *Nothing is forced by Alarm's, an Alarme being but a preparation to force.* ] If our Nice Critick, Mr. *Bays* will have an *Alarme* (viz. before a Battel) to be but a *preparation for force*, I doubt he miſtakes it, for if he were in an *Army*, (pardon the ſuppoſition, for what ſhould he do there?) I much ſuſpect that an *Alarme* would be a thing of more *force* with him, then an ordinary man.

*Oh take me down to her, or ſend her back to me.*

[ *Here* Orpheus *ſpeaks as if he were upon the Stage, and not in Hell: Would he have himſelf taken down from Hell to Hell, or her brought back from Hell to Hell.* ] Surely there's a great difference between his *being down* in Hell, and his *being taken down* to Hell.

*Take me down to her, or ſend her back to me.*

Signifies, *entertain me down with her*, or if I cannot be entertain'd here, *ſend her back to me when I am gone from hence.* For if a man ſhould come into anothers company, he may not improperly ſay, *Sir pray take me into your company*, though he be in it before he ſays ſo. Beſides *Orpheus* was in *Plutoes Pallace*, and ſure 'twas not ill in him, to ſuppoſe the ſeat of his *Euridice* in Hell to be ſomewhat inferiour to the *Throne* of the God of Hell. And ſo [ *take me down* ] is more proper than *Notes* is pleaſed to judge it.

*But with thee thy fair Treaſure take,*
*Releaſt by Love from that eternal chain,*
*Which deſtin'd Kings and Conquerours cannot break.*

[ *Releas'd from an eternal Chain is a Bull. If her chain had been eternal, ſhe could never*

*never have broken it.* ] But certainly thy weak head-piece cannot mean this for an argument: For the Poet ſays the *Chain* was *Eternal* to *Kings* and *Conquerours* not to *her*: And when he ſays *ſhe was releaſt from that Eternal Chain which Kings and Conquerours can never break*, he makes no Bull at all, for her Chain, *viz.* of Death and Hell was the ſame with theirs, only ſhe wore hers but for a time, and they were doom'd to wear theirs for ever.

*To th'wondring World he in ſoft Aires may tell,*
*Mercy as well as Juſtice rules in Hell.*

[*How ſhall the world hear ſoft tunes. They had need be loud ones one would think.*] To *tell the World* then is to tell *all the World* and all the World at once. This obſervation is ſo wonderful *witty*, that none but this *Arch wag* could have hit on't.

*No law there nor here, no God ſo Severe,*
*But love can Repeal, and Beauty can tame.*

[*He repeals a God.*] No Saturnine friend. Let it be [repeal a] Law and [tame a God.]

[*The Emperor being ſtab'd by* Morena, *ſays the Queen Mother.*]

*My Son kill'd by her hand!*
Crim. *Call my Phyſitians. Bid my Guards appear.*
*The Emperour Stab'd, the Queen his Murderer!*

[*Says* Crimalhaz *ſince he is kill'd, ſince as he ſays the Emperor ſtab'd, the Queen his Murderer. Call my Phyſicians, a Phyſitian is very uſeful to a dead man.*] Why ſince he is kill'd?

Though as thou ſayſt, *Crimalhaz* had ſaid [kill'd] which he does not, yet ſure to ſay a man is *kill'd*, does not abſolutely imply he is *dead* as ſoon as ever the wound is given that kills him: nor is it *unmannerly* or *impertinent* to call his Phyſitians to the aſſiſtance of a *wounded King*, though in all probability he might not live a quarter of an hour, nor could their aſſiſtance defer his death. It had been very pretty to have ſaid the King is ſtab'd, let us ſee if he will bleed to death, if he does not, I'le ſend for Surgeons that ſhall cure him.

*But though your hand, has your adorer kill'd.*
*'T has reacht his heart, but not the Love it held.*
*Your Image cannot from my Soul retire;*
*My Love's immortal though my life expire.*

[*How could a hand touch Love, or a dagger ſtab Love.*] *How could any fellow* but *Notes* ask ſuch a queſtion? though a hand cannot *touch* Love, nor a Dagger *ſtab* Love, as thou calliſt it, yet ſure 'twas not ungenerous in the *King* to tell her, *that hand that kill'd him could not deſtroy his Love to her that gave him his death*; which very probably it might have don.

Moren. *Good, Gentle, Kind, give me the Dagger back;*
*For mine—for his—For Heav'n—and Juſtice ſake!*
*Cannot my Tears nor Prayers your heart o'recome?*
*If my requeſts appear too burdenſome,*

*Grant*

*Grant but this one—that pointed Steel reſtore,*
*And I'le not live to ask you any more.*

[ *That is give me the Dagger back, or if my requeſt appear* (*for appears*) *too burdenſome give me the Dagger* ] If thou wouldſt have took the pains to have look'd into the Printed Errata at the end of the Play, thou mightſt have found *page* 50 *line* 6 *for requeſt read requeſts.* But this act has ſo many willful overſights, that 'tis intollerable.

*Oh cruel Queen, what has your fury done,*
*That made you loſe a Husband, me a Son;*
*This Realm a King, the World a Virtue, grown*
*Too fit for Heav'n, but not to go ſo ſoon?*

[ *The Queſtion is an anſwer to it ſelf, ſhe asks what her fury had done, that made her loſe a Husband,* &c. *Why it anſwers to it ſelf, it made one loſe a Husband, the other a Son.* ] Sure her fury had done ſomething more then all this. If the King had died in his bed, one would have loſt a Husband, and the other a Son, And *Morocco* a King, *&c.* But certainly it might be ſuppoſed his *Murder* might be the occaſion of more *Calamities* then his natural death would have been. They might expect a *Vengeance* that would attend his *Murder*, beſides the concern and *ſorrow* of a Nation for ſo fatal a blow, which her fury was Author of. But this *unmerciful* fellow keeps up his old little thoughts of *Kings*. Such a word as [ Lead on ] *ſhall rob 'em of all authority, and make Cyphers of them* whilſt they live, and when they are dead, dye which way ſoever, like *Cats and Dogs*, there is an end of them.

[ *Too fit for Heav'n is a bull, nothing can be too fit for the end it is deſign'd for, much leſs for Heav'n.* ] But *relatively* a thing may be very properly ſo call'd. Her ſaying *he was too fit for Heaven but not to go ſo ſoon*, Implied as much as if ſhe had ſaid he was ſo *good* and ſo *Virtuous that he was too fit for Heaven*, that is, in ſo much he was ſo Virtuous *mankind did not deſerve him: but not fit to go ſo ſoon*, conſidering what *loſs* mankind would have of him, by his going thither *too ſoon.*

*Was it not you that arm'd me to this guilt,*
*Told me I ſhould a Raviſhers blood have ſpilt?*

[ *I ſhould have ſpilt before ſhe did it, is nonſenſe: it muſt be, I ſhould ſpill.* ] But now ſhe had don, to ſay ſhe *ſhould have done* otherwiſe may be ſenſe. Had it been [ I ſhould ſpill ] it had ſcarce been ſo. His *telling her*, and the *deed* being both *paſt*, 'tis more properly ſaid of her [ I ſhould have ſpilt. ] For 'tis a præterperfect in relation to [ now ſhe ſpeaks it ] not [ when it was told her firſt. ] For if he be ſo ſtrict as to examine in what tenſe her *ſpilling a Raviſhers blood* was firſt ſpoke to her, 'twas neither [ I ſhould ſpill ] nor [ I ſhould have ſpilt. ] For when the *Queen Mother* ſet her a work 'tis likely ſhe ſaid Madam do as I tell ye and *you ſhall ſpill a Raviſhers blood.* But ſuch pittiful obſervations raiſe more words then they are worth.

*But madneſs alway uſhers in great Sins.*

[ *Madneſs takes away all ſin. Mad men cannot ſin.* ]

Theſe

Theſe are two of *Commentators ſentences*, and the application of 'em is excellent. Becauſe a fellow that is *Lunatick*, or a *Man that's abſolutely deveſted of Reaſon and underſtanding commits no ſin*, Therefore, *Madneſs cannot be accuſed of ſin.* I hope he deſignes this excuſe for writing his Pamphlet, that he was *Frantick* when he writ it, for indeed he that reads it would gueſs as much, and his ſentence too holds Good here. For *Elkanah* I dare ſwear for him thinks his Pamphlet ſo far from a *ſin* or an *offence*, that nothing could pleaſe him better. But I wonder at Mr. *Commentators* rateing of madneſs, how cruel our Engliſh Law is that *hangs a Man when he's ſober for a crime committed when he was drunk*, whereas if the man had had his *right ſenſes* and not a tangue of frenzy occaſion'd by his Wine, 'tis likely he had not commited it. And if ſo he *ſin* not in the committing it, why is he *puniſht.*

*She mov'd—ſtar'd—walk'd—ſtorm'd—rag'd—curſt—rav'd and dam'd.*

[ *She mov'd and walk'd, as if any body could walk without moving.* ] But ſure one may move without walking.

The Author has Printed it [ ſhe mov'd ſtar'd walk'd ] not [ ſhe walk'd ſtar'd mov'd, ] and 'tis imagin'd that people may *move* before they *walk*. [ *ſtorm'd rag'd rav'd that is raged, raged, raged.* ] Well now I do not wonder at Mr. *Commentators* blunders in Grammar, by his ignorance in Engliſh. For 'tis a received opinion that the rules a man makes of what he does not underſtand may very *poſſibly* be faulty. If his *great education* and *greater converſation* has taught him no diſtinction between *ſtorming, raving and raging*, certainly two *great bleſſings* have been thrown away upon him.

*This is no news to that which ſhe has done;*

[ *Done news* ] Why done news: Was ever ſuch a conſtruction made. *That which ſhe had done* might be *News*, without making [ News ] the Accuſative caſe to [ don. ]

*Her face diſcolour'd grew to a deep red,*

[ *That is, either her red face grew red, or her tauny or black and blew face.* ] Any colour but the *right* will ſerve thy turn. Nothing but *ſenſe* comes amiſs to thee.

*Then with an infant Rage, more ſoft, and mild,*
*She playd with madneſs, leap'd, ſung, danc'd and ſmild.*

[ *She plaid, leap'd, ſung, danc'd, and ſmild: theſe are pretty effects of rage. But 'tis an infant rage. Little or moderate rage, that is, moderate exceſs is a bull.* ] But ſure a *leſs* or *more moderate rage* ſpoken in compariſon to a *greater* that was mention'd before, is no bull.

*Obſerve how idly her wild fancies walk,*
*But ſhe who acts ſo ill, as ill may talk.*
*Who'd think a thing ſo young, ſo ſoft, and fair,*
*Could be ſo kind a Husbands Murderer?*
*But ſee when Heaven commands its gifts away,*
*The Wits and ſenſes loſt, the Soul may ſtray.*

[*The Poet thinks his own fancy flies, but his Queens but walks.*] What ever the Poets may do, *flye* or *walk*, I'm certain the *Commentators* fancy does but *creep*, and ſo *humbly* too, that *Placidius*'s *maggot* and that may go together: one for the *husk of Love*, and the other for the *husk of ſenſe*. But then

*The Wits and ſenſes loſt, the Soul may ſtray.*

[*That is, when the Wits and ſenſes are gone, 'tis poſſible to be mad.*] *Never was man ſo unlucky at ſentences as* Elkanah. ] Never was man ſo lucky at 'em as *Bays*, *Thy wits and ſenſes gon*, 'tis certain thou art little leſs then mad. But thine is ſuch an *innocent madneſs* ſuch an *infant rage*, as *Elkanah* has it, thanks to thy *Saturnine humour*, as thou calſt it, for why *tamer qualification*, that thy *Dogs days* are not ſo *hot* as otherwiſe might have been expected.

*Iſt not enough that my dear Lord I ſlew,*
*But muſt be actor, and deſigner too.*

[*It ſhould be* [*I muſt,*] *I being as neceſſary as any word in the verſe.*] I wonder thou didſt not tell us that [ ſhe moved, ſtared, *&c.*] ſhould have been, [*ſhe mov'd, ſhe ſtar'd, ſhe walk'd, ſhe ſtorm'd, ſhe rag'd, ſhe curſt, ſhe rav'd.*] [She] being as neceſſary there as [ I muſt ] here, after [ I ſlew ] in the line before.

Morena's *hand ſhall waſh the ſtain She wears*;
*As Condemn'd men turn Executioners.*

[ Morena *muſt execute her ſelf, as condemn'd men execute others, and ſhe muſt waſh the ſtain off her ſelf, as condemn men waſh the ſtain off themſelves by being Hang-men.*] In the firſt place Mr. *Bays* do not deal ſo *unnaturally* and *ungentleman like*, to treat ſo *honourable* a man as a *Hang-man* ſo *rudely*: conſider, dear heart, conſider, a *Hang-man is a Squire*. Now wherein lyes the wondrous fault to ſay *Morena will waſh off her ſtain, as condemnd men do theirs, that is, by turning Executioners*. But then our canting *Commentator* runs on to no purpoſe and tells you that they execute *others* and ſhe her *ſelf*. But becauſe [ Elkanahs *Similes are the moſt unlike things to what they are compared in the World.*] Ile venture to ſtart a Simile in his *Annus Mirabilis*: he gives this Poetical deſcription of the Ship call'd the *London*.

Stanza. 151. "*The Goodly* London *in her Gallant trim,*
"*The Phœnix Daughter of the Vanquiſht old,*
"*Like a rich Bride does to the Ocean ſwim:*
"*And on her ſhadow rides in floating Gold,*

Stanza. 152. "*Her Flag aloft ſpread ruſling in the wind,*
"*And Sanguine Streamers ſeem'd the flood to fire,*
"*The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom deſign'd,*
"*Goes on to Sea and knows not to retire.*

Stanza. 153. "*With Roomy Decks, her Guns of mighty ſtrength,*
"*Whoſe low-laid mouths each mounting Billow Laves,*
"*Deep in her draught, and Warlike in her length,*
"*She ſeems a* Sea-Waſp *flying on the Waves.*

What a wonderful pudder is here, to make all theſe *Poetical Beautifications* of a *Ship*;

*Ship*; that is a *Phœnix* in the firſt Stanza, and but a *Waſp* in the laſt? Nay, to make his humble compariſon of a *Waſp* more *ridiculous*, he does not ſay *it flew upon the waves as nimbly as a Waſp, or the like*, but *it ſeem'd a Waſp*. But our Author at the writing of this was not in his *Altitudes*, to compare Ships to *floating Pallaces*: a compariſon to the purpoſe, was a perfection he did not arrive to, till his *Indian Emperors days*: But perhaps his Similitude has more in it than we imagine. This *Ship* had a great many *Guns* in her, and they put all together, made the *ſting in the Waſps tail*; for this is all the reaſon I can gueſs why it *ſeem'd a Waſp*. But becauſe we will allow him all we can to help out, let it be a *Phœnix Sea-Waſp*, and the rarity of ſuch an *Animal* may do much towards the *heightning* the *fancy*: But to give you an inſtance of another excellent fancy. In his Obſervations on this Act deſigning to paſs a *Compliment* on Mrs. *Johnſon* that Acted *Morena*, ſpeaking of the *Poet* and her he ſays, [*Her action exceeds his Poetry, as much as her Beauty and Mein does his.*] He might as well have ſaid, *Madam, you are infinitely a more Beautiful Woman than Poet* Settle. *Handſomeneſs* in a man I have heard of, though *Poet* and *Commentatour* have none of it, but never of *Beauty* before; but granting it to be that compliment it was intended, to tell the world ſhe is a Beauty is much like *Commentatours* Obſervations on *Orpheus his going to Hell to tell Pluto he was a Raviſher*; he tells us *very great news, as if the world did not know it before.*

But to finiſh in our *Commentatours* words: Thus ends *the moſt tedious inſipid dull Comment on an Act* I ever read.

## ACT The Fifth.

IN this Act our *Waſpiſh Commentatour* has a little of the drone in him, and though God knows his *ſting* before has been but *feeble*, yet here he ſeems to have *loſt* it. For here his *Obſervations* are ſo wondrous *ſilly*, that I rather think he comments upon his *own* want of underſtanding then *Elkanahs*.

For thus he begins.

Crim. *Though on the Blood of Kings my Throne I've built,*
*The World my Glory ſees, but not my Guilt.*
*Myſterious Majeſty beſt fits a Throne.*
*They Vertuous ſeem whoſe Vices are unknown.*
*Men have ador'd and have made Offerings*
*To unknown Gods, why not to unknown Kings.*

[*Why Myſterious Majeſty becomes a Throne better, then plain Majeſty is to me a myſterious Riddle.*] *Make Offerings! No man makes the Sheep and Oxen he Sacrifices.*] *Unknown King! He was no unknown King, though he was an Uſurper. They all ſaw him, knew him; and were forced to acknowledge him.*] 'Tis great pitty that a *myſterious Riddle* ſhould come in Mr. *Drydens* way, for believe me Gentlemen as *Terence* ſays, *Davus eſt non Oedipus*: Hee's no *Alexander* at *untying of knots*, Such another

another Riddle as is Fabulously fathered upon *Homer*, and the *Beggars* that ſat *Louſing themſelves*, put upon the *Laureat* though with a promiſe of *cri mihi magnus Apollo* for *anſwering* of it, would no doubt be ſolved much at *Homers* rate. If our *Commentatour* does not underſtand wherein *Crimalhaz* his advantage lay, in not *appearing plainly* the *traytour* he *really* was; certainly he has a Skull ſo thick, that if all his other parts were anſwerable to it, he might be as ſtout as *Hercules*. But then why men *cannot make ſacrifices and offerings* is to me a *myſterious Riddle*. Ay but he infers, *becauſe men cannot make ſheep and Oxen; therefore they cannot make ſheep and Oxen ſacrifices*. This is a *Riddle* indeed, but it may be anſwered as the Boy did the Parſon, when he had askt him who made theſe Oxen: *God made 'em Bulls, but my Father made 'em Oxen.* [*But* Crimalhaz *was no unknown King.*] If the full *knowledge* of a *King* or an *Uſurper* lay in the remarkableneſs of his *Perſon*; *Olivers Noſe* was no doubt a wonderful *intelligencer*. Another parcel of faults he finds againſt *Crimalhaz*.

*I thank him for this War he has begun,*
*The numbers of my Foes enhance my Crown.*
*It does a worth on Kings as Beauties ſet,*
*To have our Rivals numerous and Great.*

[*Numbers of Foes moſt commonly pull down Crowns.*] And afterwards,

Crim. *Kind* Taffalet *does for my preſence call,*
*I am invited to his Funeral.*
*The little Champion with impatience waits,*
*To beg a Tomb before* Morocco's *Gates.*
*And rather than his lingring Fate delay,*
*I'le with my Army take a walk that way.*
*His heat of blood, and luſt of Crowns ſhall ceaſe;*
*Laſht to a Calm and cool'd into a Peace.*

[*He was a kind man to invite him to his Funeral; but believe it who will. I can never think* Taffalet *would come with an Army only to beg a Tomb before* Morocco's *Gates*, &c. *Beſides* Crimalhaz *was very uncivil to fly upon a man that came ſo kindly*, &c.] What a wonderful *belief* has Mr. *Bays*. theſe are much like the *objections* in the Third Act againſt

*Tortures weak Engines that can run us down,*
*Or ſkrew us up till we are out of Tune.*
*And Hell a feeble puny, cramp of ſouls*, &c.

Becauſe the Poet makes his Villain a Fellow that ſpeaks *ſcornfully* of things, and defyes every thing that oppoſes him as *little* and *inconſiderable* therefore he writes nonſenſe: But ſomething more he drives at in the two laſt Lines, and ſays, [*the Poet does as good as ſay I will not only murder him, but laſh him and cool him into a Peace, a Climax much like that of ſhowers of Arrows and of Rain.*] Now how the Poet does as good as ſay ſo, or how he makes a *Climax* in his ſpeech, all my ſtudy cannot ſearch out.

I think his *Laſhing him into a Calm, and cooling his heat of blood*, is of a piece with the reſt: And may as well ſignifie *he will cool his blood by letting it out*, and *calm his Ambition by cutting his Throat*, as well as this Line. *I'le with my*

*my Army take a walk that way, may ſignify he intends to fight him.* Juſt at this rate he finds fault with the laſt Lines of the Fourth Act.

Moren. *Then with a gentle gale of dying ſighs,*
*I'le breath my flying ſoul into the Skies.*
*Wing'd by my Love, I will my paſſage ſteer,*
*Nor can I miſs my way when you ſhine there.*

And ſays. [ *His reaſon why he cannot miſs his way is excellent and undeniable.* ] Nor is his obſervation on ſix lines in the latter end of the act, after *Crimalhaz* his execution, ſpoken by *Abdelcador* much unlike.

*See the reward of Treaſon; Death's the thing*
*Diſtinguiſhes the Uſurper from the King.*
*Kings are immortal, and from life remove,*
*From their low'r Thrones to wear new Crowns above:*
*But Heav'n for him has ſcarce that bliſs in ſtore:*
*When an Uſurper dies, he raigns no more.*

Here the Poet deſcribes the difference of *Kings* from *Uſurpers*, by their reward after *death*, and Mr. *Impertinent* tells us [ *'tis nonſenſe; for death makes all men equal* ] I may as well ſay that Mr. *Drydens Notes upon* Morocco, and Mr. *Cowleys Davideis* are equal (pardon the *profanation* for neither the *Authors* nor their *writings* are to be named 'i'th the ſame breath) and prove it thus: they are both but *paper* and *Ink*, and therefore not *different*. If the Poets diſcourſe tended to nothing but the *corruption* of their *bodies*, I am of his opinion that Death makes a King and an Uſurper equal: But this worthy Gentleman keeps conſtant to his *Notions of Kings*, and as he has not only made ſo great a Fool of a King in his *Boabdelin*, but by his ſenſe of them through his *Notes* made out his opinion of them in general, to be the ſame or worſe then he has character'd there: I wonder not at all at a *Tenent* that has been ſo long cheriſht by him. [ *Another ſentence, Kings are immortal and yet dye.* ] The Poet is ſo far from ſuch a contradiction that he calls it only *removing from Life*: Yet if he had uſed Sir *Poſitives* own words, the ſenſe had been entire; conſidering how the whole Speech affirms that *Kings leave this Temporal Life for an immortal one.* But for [ *a more glorious ſentence, when a man dyes he raigns no more.* ] Certainly a King's a man, and yet the Authour had ſaid they raignd agen after they dye. But I grow tired, and wonder for what cauſe he could crowd ſuch a Rabble of *Jingles* and *Blunders* together, unleſs he courted the favour to be *ridiculous:* which he of all mankind might have had without this trouble, though perhaps not ſo *plentifully*. But I perceive our *Laureat* has done writing of *Plays*, and though *impotent* yet *deſirous* to be *fumbling* ſtill, like Old *ſinners worn from their delight* as one of his Prologues has it, he deſires *to be whipt to appetite.* It had been much more to his purpoſe, if he had deſign'd to render the Authours Play little, to have ſearc'd for ſome ſuch *Pedantry* as this.

Lyndaraxa page 17. "*Two ifs ſcarce make one Poſſibility.*

Zulema p. 19. "*If Juſtice will take all and nothing give,*
"*Juſtice methinks is not Diſtributive.*

Benzayd. p. 48. "*To dye or kill you is th' Alternative,*
"*Rather than take your Live I will not live.*

Obſerve how prettily our Authour *chops Logick* in *Heroick* Verſe, Three ſuch *fuſtian canting* words as [ *Diſtributive* ] [ *Alternative* ] and [ *two Ifs,* ] No man but himſelf would have come within the noiſe of. But he's a man of *general Learning* and all comes into his *Plays.*

'Twould have done well too, if he could have met with a rant or two worth the obſervation: Such as.

Almanz. page 156. " *Move ſwiftly Sun and fly a Lovers pace,*
" *Leave Months and Weeks behind thee in thy race.*

But ſurely the *Sun* whether he flyes a *Lovers* or *not a Lovers pace* leaves *Weeks* and *Moneths,* nay *Years* too behind him in his race.

*Poor Robin* or any other of the *Philomathematicks* would have given him ſatisfaction in the point.

Almanz. page 56. *to* Abdalla.

" *If I would kill thee now, thy Fate's ſo low*
" *That I muſt ſtoop e're I can give the blow.*
" *But mine is fixt ſo far above thy Crown,*
" *That all thy men*
" *Pil'd on thy Back can never pull it down.*

Now where that is *Almanzors fate is fixt* I cannot gueſs: But wherever 'tis I believe *Almanzor,* and think that all *Abdallas* Subjects *piled upon one another* might not pull down his Fate ſo well as *without piling*; beſides I think *Abdalla* ſo wiſe a man, that if *Almanzor* had told him, *piling his men upon his back* might do the feat, he would ſcarce bear ſuch a weight for the pleaſure of the exploit: But 'tis a huff, and let *Abdalla* do it if he dare.

*But though your hand did of his murder miſs;*
*Howe're his Exile has reſtrain'd his pow'r.*

[ *But though, and howe're ſignifie both one thing.* ] Sir I kiſs your hand; 'tis the firſt time I ever heard ſo much before. [ *He fills a Verſe as Maſons do Brick walls, with broken pieces in the middle,* ] Pardon me Sir, if I quible with your Similitude, [ *But though* ] and [ *However,* ] are not in the *middle,* but the *beginning* of the Verſe.

*In common Murders blood for blood may pay.*
*But when a Martyrd Monarch dyes, we may*
*His Murderers Condemne; but that's not all.*
*A vengeance hangs o're Nations where they fall.*

[ *What does a vengeance hang o're Nations where Murderers of Kings are puniſht.* ] [ *where they fall* ] *to what does* [ *they* ] *relate? if to martyrd Monarchs 'tis falſe Grammar.* ] If [ *they* ] may not relate to *martyrd Kings* in general, the laſt Line being a diſtinct ſentence from the reſt, Mr. *Bays* has reaſon.

*No Prologues to her Death, let it be done.*

[ *Let*

[*Let what be done? Let her Death be done!*]

No let her *Execution* be done.

*Thy poyſond Husband, and thy murderd S*
*This injur'd Empreſs and* Morocco's *Thron*
*Which thy accurſed hand ſo oft has ſhook,*
*Deſerves——*
*A blow more fierce than Juſtice ever ſtrook.*

[*Deſerves is falſe Grammar for deſerve.*] And afterwards.

*Whoſe Fortune and whoſe Sword has wonders done.*

There he finds the ſame fault [*has for have.*] And in another place.

*And though your hand and hers no Scepter bears.*

[*Bears for bear.*] Here our *Old Friend* has met with *Grammar* again, but he keeps his *old humour*, and treats it as *uncivilly* as before.

A Boy that had never arrived beyond the conſtruing *Qui mihi diſcipulus*, &c. Would tell him that the Verb after more Nominative Caſes than one may agree with them all, or only with the laſt at pleaſure. What does he think of this expreſſion in *Ovid*.

*Quum mare quum Tellus, correptaque Regia Cœli*
*Ardeat.——*

[*But how does her poyſon'd Husband deſerve a blow, and why does her murderd Son deſerve another?*] I can tell him how the *Poyſoning of her Husband*, and the *Murdering of her Son deſerves one*: But if the Poet has taken too much Liberty in the expreſſing of it, he begs his pardon. But this way of ſpeaking is very common, as we ſay, *I'le revenge his blood.* There [*his blood*] is taken for [*the ſhedding of his blood.*]

"*I will not hear one word but* Almahide.

Is not the name of *Almahide* here meant for [*a diſcourſe upon* Almahide] as had been ſaid before.

*——Stop her poyſon'd Breath,*
*And check her growing outrage by her death.*

[*To check a man by death is a very civil reprehenſion; he'l ſtop her poyſon'd Breath with a Hatchet.*] A *Bowſtring* would do as well.

*Guilt only thus to guilty Minds appears:*
*As Syrens do to drowning Mariners.*
*Seen only by their Eyes whoſe Deaths are nigh.*
*We rarely ſee our Crimes before we dye.*

[*Here he makes a falſe Alluſion. For Syrens appear not like Porpoiſes before a Storm,*

*ſtorm, or in it; but if youl believe Homer in a Calm, enticeing Marriners to the Rocks by their ſongs, who may eſcape 'em as Ulyſſes did.* ]

I hope *Bays* holds up to his complaint in the third act that to *write too much would put the cramp in his fingers.* For I much ſuſpect the *Cramp* or *Gout* or ſomething got into them by that time they came to examine the fifth act, for never did *fingers* put Pen to Paper ſo *fumblingly*, nor make ſuch *wretched blurs* as this *ſuperannuated ſcriblers* have don. Firſt he ſays [ *'tis no true alluſion becauſe Syrens appear not before or in ſtorms like porpoiſes, but in calms.* ] Therefore (as he reaſons,) they do not appear to *drowning Marriners*, for no man (he implies,) can be *drown'd* but in a *ſtorm.* Why look ye, Gentlemen, was ever more *ſolid reaſon* given, could an *Oracle* have ſpoken better? If this do not ſatisfie ye, the Devil's in ye. But *man of learning*, recollect thy memory for once, and take the Poetical deſcription of *Syrens.*

The *Syrens* were ſuppos'd to be Daughters of *Achelous* and *Calliope* creatures *half fiſh*, and *half fleſh*, who by their charming voices ſo enticed Marriners as to make 'em leap over-board, who allured by their ſongs and their Beauties, purſued them till they were drown'd, which don the *Syrens* drag'd 'em to the Rocks and devour'd them. But becauſe *Uliſſes* Miraculouſly eſcaped them, therefore ſays J. D. *Syrens never appear to drowning Marriners.* I muſt confeſs this *alluſion* is faulty, and why becauſe 'tis quite contrary to Mr. *Drydens.* And to *reform* it to his ſenſe it ſhould be thus.

*Guilt only thus to guilty minds appeares:*
*As* Syrens *of the* Land *to drowning Waggoners:*

viz. *Land Marriners* in his *ſtylo novo*

Well *Reader*, though our *Commentator* has not performed his promiſe, I'le treat you with a parcel of *Alluſions*, as delicate as you could wiſh in the *Royal Martyr.*

" *Such fatal bounty once the Gaules did ſhew,*
" *They threw their Rings, but threw their Targets too.*

Now according to our School-boy *Elkanahs* reading it was the *Sabines* that threw their Rings and their *Targets.*

But *Gaules* and *Sabines*, all's one in an Alluſion.

*Celadon* in the maiden Queen.

There's another puff in my Voyage has blown me as far as to the North of *Scotland.* *A pretty puff from* Sicily, *where his Scene lyes.* I am afraid our Author's fancy Rambled home to *England* for that expreſſion.

Granada page 38. Abenamar.

" *The people like a headlong torrent go,*
" *And every damm they break or overflow.*
" *But unoppos'd they either looſe their force,*
" *Or wind in Volums to their former courſe.*

A very pretty Alluſion, contrary to all *ſenſe* or *Reaſon.* *Torrents* I take it, let 'em wind never ſo much, can never *return* to their *former courſe*, unleſs he can ſuppoſe that *fountains can go upwards*, which is impoſſible: nay more in the foregoing page he tells us ſo too. A trick of a very unfaithful memory.

" *But*

" *But can no more then fountains upwards flow.* pag. 37.

Which of a *Torrent* which ſignifies a *Rapid ſtream* is much more impoſſible. Beſides if he goes to quibble and ſay that 'tis poſſible by *Art* water may be made returne, and the ſame water run *twice* in one and the ſame *Channel*: Then he quite confutes what he ſays, for 'tis by being *oppoſed* that it runs into its former courſe, for all *Engines* that make water ſo return, do it by *compulſion* and *oppoſition*. Or if he means a *headlong torrent* for a tide which would be ridiculous, Yet ye do not *write in Volumnes*, but come *foreright back* (if their upright lyes ſtraight to their former courſe, and that by *oppoſition* of the Sea water that drives 'em back agen.

In his *Annus Mirabilis* he ſays of the *Fire of London.*

Stanza 217.

*In this deep quiet, from what ſource unknown,*
*Thoſe ſeeds of fire, their fatal birth diſcloſe.*
*And firſt, few ſcattering ſparks about were blown,*
*Big with the flames that to our ruine roſe.*

*A ſpark of fire big with a flame*, is ſuch damn'd nonſenſe that 'tis unſufferable. But his *blundering miſtake* lies in applying an alluſion to the *ſeed that generates* with is proper onely of the *Womb that produces*. I am of opinion that a *ſpark of fire* that lights but a *farthing Candle* is as *big with flame* (as our Authors words it,) as a *ſpark* of that *fire* which *burnt London*. I expect to hear him talk of *Acorns big with Oakes*, and *kernals of Apples big with trees*. 'Tis much of a peice with *ſparks of fire big with flames*.

But to lard his *groſs overſights* with ſome more pardonable miſtakes. In Granada page ſecond he ſpeaks of one of his *Champion Bulls.*

" *Who with high Noſtrils ſnuffing up the wind.*

Now if the *Bull* held his *Noſtrils upwards*, he did not *ſnuff up*, but *ſnuff down* the wind.

Abd. pag. 57. " *I'le to the Spaniſh King; and try if he,*
" *To counſenance his own right will ſuccour me,*
" *There is more faith in Chriſtian Dogs then thee.*

What a *damn'd rude* and *raſcally expreſſion* has he put into the mouth of a *Prince*, a man of *courage*, and one that through the Play aimes at a *Crown* himſelf: To make him call a *King*, becauſe he is not of his *Faith*, *Dog*: and yet at the ſame time *Fly to his protection.*

Almanz. Speaking of *Boabdelin* pag, 101.

" *He like a Devil among the bleſt above,*
" *Can take no pleaſure in your Heav'n of love.*

What a pretty *fancied* alluſion is here. *A Divel in Heav'n.* But granting we could ſuppoſe ſuch a Creature there, which by the way muſt deſtroy that opinion

of the *Beatifick Preſence*, yet I gueſs that a *Divel* is not ſo in love with *Hell* and his *damn'd eſtate*, but he could take pleaſure in *Heav'n* and that *bleſt eſtate* from which he fell, if he had the honour to be there agen.

One thing I obſerve in the generallity of his alluſions, his *Allegories* are ſo *bold* that taking his *Liberty* I'le turn one of his Similes twenty ways to the ſame purpoſe, on the ſame Subject, and not vary from his fancy. As for example I'le take the forementioned lines in Maximin.

" *He like a ſubtle worm has eat his way,*
" *And log'd within does on the Kernel prey.*
" *I creep without, and hopeleſs to remove*
" *Him hence, wait only for the Huſk of Love.*

And turning it to a *Rat* in a *Veniſon Paſty*, mark if the Simile be not firm, and of the two the *Fancy* the more *lofty*.

*He like a ſubtle* Rat *has eat his way,*
*And lodg'd within does on the* Veniſon *prey.*
*I creep without, and hopeleſs to remove*
*Him hence, wait only for the* Cruſt *of Love.*

And ſo a *Mouſe in a Cheeſe* would do pretty well, turning the *Allegory* to the *Rind of Love.*

And if at any time he takes a *flight*, 'tis ten to one 'tis not to the *purpoſe*. As for example.

" Alman. *to* Almah. *When e're you ſpeak.*
" *Were my wounds Mortal they ſhould ſtill bleed on,*
" *And I would liſten till my life were gon.*
" *My Soul ſhould even for your laſt accent ſtay.*
" *And then ſhoot out, and with ſuch ſpeed obey;*
" *It ſhould not bait at Heav'n to ſtop its way.*

Now if theſe laſt lines were *ſenſe* which has been proved to the contrary yet they would be abſolutely *mal a propos*: for *Almanzor*, that deſign'd a *Compliment* to *Almahide* miſtakes his Cue infinitely. He tells her in the firſt lines *how long he would liſten to her charming voice*: but in the laſt in a *Rapture* he tells her, *how nimbly his Soul ſhould poſt away from her to Heav'n.* If ſhe had been there it had been ſomething to have ſaid *how briskly he could mount to Heav'n after her.* But ſhe being ſtill upon Earth, it had been a Compliment to have told her *How tardy his ſoul ſhould be when it left her though to meet Heav'n.*

And for fancy when he lights of any thing like it, 'tis a wonder, if it be not borrow'd. As here for example of, I find this *fanciful thought in his Annus Mirabilis.*

Stanza 232. Speaking of the *Fire of London.*

" *Old Father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,*
" *But fearèd the fate of Simois would return:*
" *Deep in his Ooze he ſought his ſedgy bed;*
" *And ſhrunk his waters back into his Urne.*

This

This is ſtolen from *Cowleys Davideis* page 9.

*Swift* Jordan *ſtarted, and ſtrait backward fled,*
*Hiding amongſt thick Reeds his Aged Head.*

Here with a little addition of his own fancy, and turning [ aged head ] into [ reverend head ] and [ thick reeds ] into [ Ooze and Sedgy bed, ] and [ ſtarting and flying backward, ] into [ ſhrinking his waters back, ] he has not only given us to underſtand he has *judgment*, but how he *uſes* it too.

But one thing I forget in his remarks on the four forementioned lines of the Authour, he ſays [ by Guilt appears ] *in the firſt line*, and [ ſeen only by their eyes whole deaths are nigh, ] *that the Poet affirms Guilt appears to dying men, yet in the very next he contradicts himſelf.* ]

*We rarely ſee our crimes before we dye.*

What a *wry faced contradiction* is here? The Poet affirms *that Guilt appears to men when their deaths are nigh*, and that *men rarely ſee their crimes before they come to dye*; which in my opinion looks more like a *Tautology* than a *Contradiction*. He ſays in one place [ *the Poet makes ſo many faults that a Critick can make no clear riddance.* ] But he was a little wide there, for if he does not make *clear riddance* by ſuch *Criticiſms* as theſe, the Devil's in him.

*But ſince my Dagger has ſo feebly done;*
*Miſſing thy Breaſt I've ſent it to my own.*

[ *To ſend a thing is to part with the poſſeſſion of it, but ſhe it ſeems ſends the Dagger to her ſelf.* ] To ſcribble like thee, is to part with all ſenſe and every thing that's like it. To ſend a Dagger to a Mans heart is an expreſſion *older* than *thou* art.

*Curſe on weak nature with my Rage unman'd,*
*A Maſculine heart linkt with a female hand.*

[ *What reaſon has ſhe to fall foul upon Nature for not making her a man.* ] Ay what reaſon indeed: But for her to curſe nature for not lending her an Arm as ſtrong as a Mans, that her *rage* might have done more *manly actions* is not improper.

*Your Courteous Arm retrived mine from a Guilt;*
M*orenas hand*, Morenas *blood had ſpilt*,

[ *To retrive an arm from guilt is Metaphorical nonſenſe.* ] But to *reprive* an arme from a guilt is not, which is the word that is ſpoken, though the other eſcaped the Preſs.

*Is this your thanks*, &c.

[ *Here is excellent Grammar between* [ is ] and [ thanks ] what Grammar ſoever 'tis, I am ſure 'tis a propriety the word [ thanks ] has in Engliſh. *Are theſe your thanks*, is never ſaid. [ Thanks ] is commonly a familiar word that comprehends ſomething underſtood; as we ſay [ thanks Sir, ] for [ Sir I give you thanks. ] Is this your thanks: Is this your giving me thanks, or making me a requital.

" Your

*Your Armie's routed e're the Wars begun,*
*The City taken and your Empire won.*

[*To rout an Army preſuppoſes fighting, but this was intended a flight.*] Pray what was this intended for.

Almanz. page 22. "*And when the Spaniards their aſſault begin,*
"*At once beat thoſe without, and theſe within.*

This *Almanzor* ſpeaks of *himſelf*, and ſure for *one man* to conquer an Army *within* the City, and another *without* the City *at once* is ſomething difficult, but this flight is *pardonable* to ſome we meet in *Granada*. Oſmin page 13. ſpeaking of *Almanzor*.

"*Who like a Tempeſt that outrides the wind,*
"*Made a juſt battel e're the bodies joyn'd.*

Pray what does this *Honourable perſon* mean by a *Tempeſt that outrides the wind*. A *Tempeſt* that outrides *it ſelf*: To ſuppoſe a *Tempeſt* without *wind* is as bad as ſuppoſing a man to walk without feet; for if he ſuppoſes the *Tempeſt* to be ſomething *diſtinct* from the *wind*, yet as being the *effect* of wind only, to come before the *cauſe* is a little preposterous, ſo that if he takes it one way, or if he takes it the other, thoſe *two ifs will ſcarce make one poſſibility*.

——Muly Hamet *was ne're taught,*
*To back, but lead thoſe Armies where he fought.*

[*Though* Muly Hamet *had a Back as broad as* Hercules, *yet he could ſcarce back whole Armies with it.*] What cannot a *nimble witted Commentatour* find out.

*His blood dear Prince ſhall pay for ſhedding thine.*

[*Did his blood ſhed the others blood.*] If I ſhould tell thee, this Pamphlet ſhall make thee amends for the writing of thine, wouldſt thou ſay, *did this Pamphlet write the other.*

*To expiate thy blood I'le let out mine.*

[*His blood was good and had no crime in it*] But the *ſhedding his blood* was none of the beſt deeds.

——*He by no force withſtood,*
*Comes now this way to ſacrifice your blood.*

[*To Sacrifice blood is improper.*] But for thee to write nonſenſe is not.

*Immur'd within the walls of this ſtrong Tower.*

[*That is wall'd within the walls.*] That is, any thing to pleaſe thee.

*Draw up my Forces raiſe my Guards.*

[*The*

[ *The Usurper had been just told that his Army was revolted and that* Muly Hamet *was Proclaimed King, yet he talks of drawing up his forces and rayseing his Guards afterwards.* ]

I am afraid *Commentator* not *Crimalhaz* talks too much. Though his Army that was sent out to fight *Taffalet* was revolted, yet 'tis not to be supposed but the *Imperial Pallace in* Morocco, which writers have related to be the greatest place of strength in that City, had some forces in it to defend it; But how few soever *Crimalhaz* had there, yet for a man of *Courage* to oppose a *pow'r* that he knew would take off his head, though with little hopes of success, is not so great a wonder as *Hum Buz* takes it for.

> —— *There's not one dart*
> *In Heav'n, that would not strike the Murderers heart*
> *Before his hand should touch her sacred breast.*

[ *Pray answer me one civil question: how could he be a Murderer before his hand had touch't her sacred breast?* ] This Question may as civilly be answered, as his objection against *Treason e're it's begin* in the fourth act, The *resolved intention* of *Murder*, is enough to give the man that designs it the name of *Murderer*. I wonder how *Ben* and *Shakespear* ventured in several of their Tragedies, as one for example in *Macbeth*, to write [*enter Murtherers*] at the beginning of a Scene, when the *Murder* for which they were so call'd was not committed till after their entrance.

> *Though I am fain so low,*
> *My fortune lost I may a Beggar grow.*

[ *That is, though my fortune be lost I may grow poor.* ]
As if every man that's poor must needs Beg.

> *I'le to a Thousand deaths my life expose,*
> *Before I will one inch of Empire loose.*

[ *How many lives had she to expose to a thousand deaths.* ]
How many years hast thou liv'd and not heard such an expression as *I'le die a thousand deaths before I'le do so or so.* [ *An Inch of Empire is no great matter, but she is a woman that speaks it, and an Inch might be somewhat to her.* ]
Well said *Archwag*: there he hits it. A *smooty quibble tickles* him, and is so much in his *Element*, that I doubt not, but a *shrug* and a *smile* attended the *conception* of this *jest*.
But I'le ask him why *Mariamne* may not be as unwilling to part with an *Inch of Empire* as *Almanzor* was to part with *one stone out of* Granada's *walls*.

> pag. 12. " *And he shall buy it dear what his he calls,*
> " *We will not give one stone from out these walls.*

Now to repartee upon him in his own beloved style. *A stone out of a City Wall is no great matter, but he is a man who speaks it, and a stone might be some what with him.* Well now let our *Comical* friend say he is *aped* for something, for this *balderdash* is so like him, that *Imitation* I fear will be the left thing my Reader will accuse me of, for so *factious* a thought.

*I'le ſing my funeral obſequies in theſe Arms.*
*I'le Raviſh her——*
*Then throw my ſelf and her into the Fire,*
*And Arme in Arme together meet expire.*

[ *He ſings after hee's dead* ] No ſure he ſays he will *ſing before he dyes.* And though *Funeral Obſequies* are generally ſung after mens deaths, what if *Crimalhar* is pleaſed to be *particular*, and ſing his *himſelf before his death.*

*What Miracle of honour has fate ſent?*
*Sure Heav'n acts Wonders! Wonders! no'tis none.*
*What have th' high'r Powers to do but to take care,*
*Of ſo much Vertue and a Face ſo Fair?*

[ *Sure Heav'n acts Wonders, Wonders! No'tis none. That is the wonders is no wonder. A rare Grammarian.* ]

Let it be put in the plural number. *Sure Heaven acts wonders, wonders! No they are none. What are no wonders?* Though in his admiration he ſays in the Plural number, *Sure Heaven acts wonders.* Yet when it more particularly relates to the ſaving of his Miſtreſs, both the foregoing line, and the following lines ſhew the neceſſity of a ſingular number to expreſs it by.

*Sure Heav'n acts wonders, wonders! No the ſaving of my Miſtreſs is none. For what have the higher pow'rs to do but to take care of ſo great a beauty*, &c.

*Subjects my homage pay but Monarchs thine.*

[ *To pay my homage, is to pay that homage which is my due to another perſon: But he means ſubjects pay me homage, and I pay thee.* ] Is it not Engliſh for a *Creditour* to ſay to a *Debtour*, *Pay me my debt? why may not pay me my homage ſignifie the homage that is due to me as well.*

*And ſaves her blood to be ally'd to yours.*

[ *By this alliance he means marriage; but to be married and allied are as different, as Couſin and Husband.* ] Becauſe we ſay *Husband and Wife are married*, therefore we are bound, if we come to particulars, to ſay *their bloods are married too, and their hands are married.*

*A nobler Paſſion ſtory never writ,*
*That turn'd a Traytour to a Proſelite.*

[ *How could ſtory write.* ] But *Hiſtorians* can write though *ſtory* cannot. And if he finds fault with this expreſſion, how will he be reconciled with ſuch a one as this? *Fame reports: or fame ſays ſuch a thing. Fame* can no more *ſpeak* than *ſtory* can *write*; for Fame is not what *ſpeaks*, but what *is ſpoken* of a man: As ſtory is not *what writes*, but *is written* of a man.

[ *But*

[ *But a Proſelyte is one that changes his Religion, and he is the likeſt to make a Traytour.* ] A very *Subſtantial Apothegme*: A man that out of a principle of Piety is converted from a Religion that he thinks *erroneous*, to one he thinks the *true*, is the likeſt to prove a *Traytour*; which is as much as to ſay, a man that does his beſt endeavour to be *good* and *honeſt*, is the likeſt to be a *Rogue*. Beſides in *Hametalbaz*'s caſe Love converted him from a *Villain* to an *honeſt man*: Therefore ſays *Notes*, *he is the likeſt to be a Villain*. But his *impertinence* draws towards a *concluſion*, and indeed 'tis high time.

Ham. *I from thoſe Eyes for ever will remove,*
*I cannot ſtand the ſight of hopeleſs love.*

In his next Speech he ſays,

*To what e're place my wandring ſteps incline,*
*I'le fancy Empires for I'le think her mine.*

[*His Love is hopeleſs, and yet he'll think her his.*] As if his *Love* were ever the leſs *hopeleſs* for his *thinking her his*. If a mans *thinking* a *woman his* could make his *Love* ceaſe to be *hopeleſs*, there needs not be ſuch a thing as a *deſpairing Lover* in Nature: For if a *Cobler* were in Love with a *Queen*, if *thinking her his own* would give him *hopes*, who could hinder his thoughts: But if *Commentatour* will have it otherwiſe, I am his Humble Servant.

*Raigning's a whole Lifes toyl, the work of Years.*

[*Raigning is neither a whole Lifes toyl, if the King be not Crown'd in his Cradle; nor the work of Years in caſe he raign but one Year.*] How ſeverely would *Elkanah* have been handled if he were really guilty, and all *Commentatours* Objections were *ſenſe* and *reaſon*. How will he reconcile this expreſſion in his preface. [*This upſtart and illiterate ſcribler comes amongſt the Poets, like one of the Earth-born Brethren, and his firſt buſineſs in the world is to attacque and murder all his Fellows.*]
Now I am of belief that *Elkanahs firſt buſineſs in the world* (if you'l ask his Nurſe) was rather as *Commentatour* ſays in the Fourth Act [*To Bite, ſtamp, cric and roar*] then to *murder Poets*. If he began to *attacque* and *murder Poets in his Cradle*, he was no doubt an *upſtart ſcribler* indeed.

*My Juſtice ended, now I'le meet a Crown.*

[*Then it ſeems he intends to do Juſtice no longer, now he is King, but to turn Rogue like* Crimalhaz, *or Fool like* Muly Labas.]
His *Juſtice* upon *Crimalhaz*, I am of opinion, was *ended* when *Crimalhaz* was *Executed*, and yet he might be *juſt* ſtill, and neither *Fool* nor *Rogue*,

*In Love, a Day, an Hour, a Minutes bliſs,*
*Is all ſighs, rapture, flame, and Extaſies.*

[In

[ *Is and Extaſies are of ſeveral numbers,* ] are they ſo: If I were as thee I would not take it at the Poets hands. More *Extaſies* than one in a *minutes happineſs* is too much.

*Loves livelyer joys ſo quick and active move,*
*An Age in Empire's but an hour in Love.*

[ *How an Age in Empire is but an hour in Love I cannot underſtand.* ] And in troth I believe thee, for why thy *underſtanding* ſhould be any *clearer* here than it has been all along through the Play I can't imagine. But to *quicken* thy *apprehenſion*, that thou mayſt underſtand this laſt Line of the Play, I'le beg the favour of thee to conſtrue theſe two Lines in *Cowley*.

*'Tis ſo with man, when once a Crown he wears,*
*The Coronation day's more than a Thouſand Years.*

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# On the Conduct or Plot of the Play.

THis being much of a piece with the Notes on the Play, a man may ſtart into the matter without the trouble of a formal introduction.

He tells you firſt [ *On what foundation of nonſenſe this Play is built.* Morena *runs away with* Muly Labas *from her Fathers Court, for which they are both impriſon'd by his Father, and to be put to death for ſtealing one another. Yet in the mean time her Father is ſo far offended, that he is wageing War againſt His and coming with an Army againſt* Morocco. *In the firſt place ſhe relates a thing to one who knows it her ſelf.* ] *And upbraids him with what ſhe ſuffered for his ſake.* ] *A pretty Character of his Heroine to make her an illnatur'd fool.* ] This is his firſt objection, but in the next page he contradicts himſelf, and ſays [ *Morena gives him a reaſon for this relation, and ſaid it not to upbraid him.* ] Very well: ſhe does and ſhe does not: ſhe is an *illnatur'd*, and ſhe is not an *illnatur'd* fool. Well argued *Laureat*. But next ſays he [ *why ſhould* Muly Labas *ſteal her away, ſhe was her equal, and therefore her Father ought to have given his conſent to the Marriage.* ] Ar him agen *Bays*. Becauſe they were *equals* muſt there be an abſolute neceſſity of her Fathers *conſent*? What if he deſign'd her for ſome other Prince, *Muly Labas* his *ſuperior*, and a perſon whoſe alliance might be more for his intereſt. Or how if ſhe was contracted to ſome other Prince whom ſhe liked not, and forced by *ſtate intereſt*, (a great Match-maker among Princes,) againſt her inclination, and therefore for Love of *Muly Labas* ran away with him to avoid the other. Where lyes the impoſſibility.

How

How many more reaſons might there be for his ſtealing her; which if the Poet had occaſion to have mentiond you ſhould have heard of. But then why does *Muly Labas* his Father put his Son in Priſon at his return? Why did *Solyman* ſtrangle *Muſtapha*? does not the Play tell him why? for a ſuſpition of an attempt againſt his Empire. [*But why will he kill them both. Yes mark the Poets reaſons. He will preſent her Father with her head, a good way to pacifie him, and make him withdraw the Siege. Sending the Lady back might have avoided the inconveniency of the War.*] A very pretty King he would make of him the whilſt, to ſay. *Here Sir take your daughter agen, I'le rid my hands of the Baggage, ſhe ſhall come no more within my doores: let us be friends for I do not like bloody noſes, and pray depart in peace if you love me, and you will much oblige yours to command* King of Morocco.

This is the *Character* Mr. *Dryden* likes. But what if *Elkanahs* King is a little more rough and will fight him, and cares neither for his Army nor him neither: But will cut his Daughters head off, and his too if he can come at it? [*But why* Muly Labas *a Traytor, he a Traytor. I wonder his Father knew him no better then to ſuſpect him of ſo much Wit as goes to the making one, &c.*]

Muly Labas *is a Fool, a Fool, a Fool*, the Parrat has ſo over and over agen repeated in the Play, that 'tis high time to clear him. *Muly Labas* in the true ſtory was but twelve years of age when he came to the Crown: and through the whole Play, the Author has made him, though no great part, yet a man that does nothing but what *reaſon* and *Circumſtances* would convince a *Judicious* man ought to be don: and if he has any fault 'tis his believing his *Mother Honeſt*; and if at any time he's miſled by her, 'tis by a *credulity* that might very probably be impoſed by a *Mother* upon a *Son*; ſhe having to his knowledge acted nothing that ſhould make him believe otherwiſe.

But I wonder of all objections how this came from him, knowing how guilty he has been in the *Character of a Boabdelin*, a man that is not only a *Coward*, and one that in his Armies head dares not touch an *inſolent Fellow* that he fears *Cuckolds* him, nay one whom he is certain his *Wife Loves better then himſelf*, and for ſooth out of a fear of his *ſubjects diſpleaſure*. But that *fear* might be taken off, (a very pretty King the whilſt) by expoſing *Almanzors inſolence* to his Army, who though they loved his *Conduct*, and *Courage*, would certainly *conſent* or at leſt *pardon* their dutiful and humble King, for a peice of Juſtice don on ſo *arrogant an abuſer of Majeſty*.

But another fault he finds againſt *Muly Labas* his demonſtration of his Innocence to *Morena*.

> ——*Can he think ſo foul*
> *A thought as Treaſon harbours in his Soul*
> *Which does* Morena's *Sacred Image bear?*
> *No ſhape of ill can come within her Sphear.*

[*He was in Love with* Morena *therefore Innocent.*] What a mighty offender againſt *ſenſe* and *reaſon* is his King for *Complimenting* his *Miſtreſs*

[*Then enters Queen Mother, and tells* Muly Labas, *his Father is dead ſuddenly, and relates the manner of it, with all the Circumſtances; yet afterwards being alone with* Crimalhaz *whom ſhe procured to poyſon her Husband, ſhe deſires him to relate the manner of it, of which ſhe could not be ignorant. She who was whored by him, and ſet him on, could not but know the Circumſtances alſo.*] Here in our *Commentators* Phraſe *Impertinence is pretty thick ſown*. Firſt becauſe the Queen gives her Son a *forged relation* of her Husbands death, therefore ſhe muſt needs know the *true circumſtan-*

*ces*: and next becauſe *ſhe ſet Crimalhaz a work* therefore ſhe muſt know all particulars of his dying within halfe an hour after his death. The particulars of the *contrivance* I grant ſhe underſtood, but how could ſhe know the particulars of the *ſucceſs* of it, unleſs ſhe had ſingled out *Crimalhaz* privately for the knowledge. But how if the publick concern for the ſudden death of the King gave 'em no *opportunity* till now. For as I take it the Queen did not ask him. *How did you contrive his death?*

But. *How died the King, how did the poyſon take?*

[ *But mark how ridiculouſly he contrives in the perſon of this great Plotter the Queen Mother. Firſt ſhe makes a politick ſpeech to ſay her Son is not ripe for ruine till they have undermind his abſent General. The General was abſent his return uncertain.* ] That is his *Navy* came in *diſguiſe* up the *River Tenſift*, for he enterd *Morocco* the next Morning, which was more then they could know he would do, ſo long beforehand.

[ *Beſides her Son being in Priſon, and the City at her diſpoſing, ſhe and her Gallant had a much fairer game to play if they immediately poſſeſſed themſelves of the Crown now in their reach, then if they waited for the Generals return, who was a friend to the King, and whom they were not certain they could render ſuſpected to him.* ]

Oh wonderful Politician, what does he mean by *poſſeſſing themſelves of the Crown now in their reach!* They might break open the old Emperors *Cloſet*, and Seize his *Turbat* and his *Robes*, and dreſs *Crimalhaz* in his *habit*, is that *ſetting up for a King?* If he means by the *Crown* the *Imperial pow'r* 'tis nonſenſe. How could he ſet himſelf up for a King when all the *Forces* of *Morocco*, were under *Muly Hamets Conduct*, and he entring into the City, who beſides his being *Friend* to *Muly Labas*, was himſelf a *nearer heir* to the Crown then *Crimalhaz* and no doubt would have been far from *complimenting* him with what was his own right, eſpecially being ſo many *thouſand ſtrong* as he was to argue the caſe with him, if occaſion had been. But our *Commentators* opinion of *Kings* and *Crowns* moves *excentrick* to every body's ſe'f. What *Puppets* does he make of them. But the fillineſs of this remark ſhall be paſt by, for the *Introduction* of another ſo much beyond it, that nothing can be more *ridiculous*. [ *The ſecond act (he ſays) has little buſineſs in it except* Muly Hamets *return with the Fleet* ]

But now for *Elkanahs Thefts* from his *Cotemporaries* as was urged againſt him in the *Preface*.

[ *His* Muly Hamets *Character is an imitation of* Porphirius. ] And why? becauſe they both bring home an Army to their Kings aid: [ *Compare the verſes and the Theft will be viſible.* ]

Maxim. "Porphyrius, *whom you Ægypts Prætor made*
"*Is come from* Alexandria *to your aid.*

Morocco *Hearing whoſe force* Morocco *will invade*
*I have brought home your Army to your aid*, &c.

[ *His* Hametalhaz *is likewiſe as plainly ſtoln from* Placidius: Placidius *envy'd* Porphyrius, Hametalhaz, Muly Hamet. ]

Placid. "*May all the Curſes envy ever knew*
"*Or could invent*, Porphyrius *perſue.*

Hametal,

Ham. *But in* Morocco *his high pride may find*
*His name leſs Glorious, and his Stars leſs kind.*

But by the way where lyes *Hametalhaz* his *envy*, could not he conſpire againſt *Muly Hamet*, to *make his name leſs Glorious*, but it muſt be done out of *Envy*? *Hametalhaz* was but a *Subminiſter* to *Crimalhaz*, and acted only for *reward*, if there was *Envy* in the caſe twas between *Crimalhaz* and *Muly Hamet*, not *him* and *Muly Hamet*.

[ *The Image of* Morena *is taken from* Cydaria: *They both deſire their Fathers ſhould be ſpared in the Battel: And* Cortez *and* Muly Hamets *anſwer are the ſame in effect.*]

Cortez. " *The edge of War I'le from the battel take,*
" *And ſpare your Fathers Subjects for your ſake.*

Morocco. *But the rough hand of War more gentle make;*
*And ſpare his blood for his* Morena's *ſake:*

Muly H. *We only do aſpire to this great end*
*To make your Father not our Prize but friend.*

*Muly Hamet* will ſpare her *Father* for her ſake. And *Cortez* her *Fathers Subjects*. But that's the ſame thing *ſparing* a *King*, or his *Subjects*.

What a diſcovery has this *Manſlayer* of a *Critick* found. Becauſe two *Generals* bring home their Kings Armies to their aſſiſtance, and becauſe *Hametalhaz* has a ſpight againſt *Muly Hamet*, and *Placidius* againſt *Porphyrius*, therefore *Elkanahs Characters are ſtoln from* Mr. *Drydens*. And becauſe *Morena* ſays *pray Sir take care you hurt not my Father*, and *Cydaria* ſays the ſame; therefore their *Characters* too are the ſame. Does this grave *Scribler* that talks ſo much of *judgment*, make an *expreſſion* of *two lines a Character*? at that rate I may ſay *all men* have one *Character*; for 'tis ten to one but you ſhall hear 'em at one time or other ſay the ſame thing. Suppoſe one man ſhould ſay *what a Clock is it*, and another, *what time of day is it*, are their Characters the ſame then? But to prate like him, you ſhall ſee whence his Characters are taken. Almanzor *is a Copy of* Sir *Martin Marral*, *mark but their expreſſions and the theft will be viſible*. Almanzor was ſaid to be of a *Rough* and *unfaſhion'd nature*, that is, he was not bred up to *ſinging* and *dancing*, but was an excellent *Warriour*. So Sir *Martin* underſtood neither *ſinging*, *dancing*, *Muſick* nor *Poetry*, but when he beats the *Bailiffs*, he Cryes, *Victoria*, *Victoria*, Mr. *Milliſent muſt acknowledge him for a Sword-man*. Beſides *Almanzor* when he heard *Almahide* accuſed of Adultery, ſays,

" *'Tis falſe: ſhe is not ill, nor can ſhe be,*
" *She muſt be chaſt becauſe ſhe's loved by me.*

And when Sir *Martin* heard Mrs. *Milliſent* had been accuſed of *unchaſtity* by *Warner*, he ſays, *Come hither you wicked Varlet fruitful in nothing but lyes, how durſt you caſt your Venome on ſuch a Saint as Mrs* Milliſent, *to traduce her Virtue and ſay it was Adulterate.*

His *Cortez* and *Abdalla* in *Granada* are the ſame Characters, for *Cortez deſires to get into the Tower where* Almeria *and his Miſtreſs* Cydaria *were together*. And Abdalla *deſires* Lyndaraxa *to open the* Alhayzin *Gate to let him in to her*; and both are but borrow'd from the Ballat of *Sweet open the door and let me come in.*

Nay

Nay his *Berenice*, and his *Cydaria*, are exactly the same, *Berenice* Loves *Porphyrius*, who is a *General*, and *Cydaria* loves *Cortez* who is another. His *Boabdelin* and *Almahide* are the same with *Bisket* and his *Wife* in *Epsom Wells*, with a little alteration: *Boabdelin makes his wife send for her Gallant* Almanzor, *and Mrs.* Bisket *sends her Husband for Mr.* Rains, *to come and Play at Cribbidge with her.* Only *Bisket* is but a *City Pimp*, and *Boabdelin* a *Pimp Royal.*

Another fault he finds that [ Elkanah *has given into his Heroes hands the Conqueſt of a Town more then is his right* ] What if there had never been ſuch a man as *Muly Hamet*, and the Poet had rais'd up a Character and given twice as much into his hands, the fault had not been impardonable, eſpecially when he ſees his *Elder* make bold with one *Maximin Emperor* of *Rome* for another.

Muly Labas. *Lead on*
Muly Hamet. *Lead on: and all that kneel to you*
*Shall bow to me; this Conqueſt makes it due.*

[ *'Tis not very Heroick in his Heroe to aſſume to himſelf the Conqueſt of his Miſtreſs, nor ſavours of good manners to tell the Emperor 'tis his due.* ] As for *good manners* to a *King* that I wonder he took notice of, ſince *Almanzor* makes ſo little Ceremony with Kings. But if his Conquering his Miſtreſs be not Heroick what is this?

Page 95 *Enter to* Almanzor *Queen* Almahide *wearing a Scarfe.*

Almanz. "*So Venus moves when to the Thunderer,*
"*In Smiles and tears ſhe would ſome ſute prefer,*
"*When with her Ceſtos girt,*
"*And drawn by Doves, ſhe cuts the yielding Skies*
"*And kindles gentle fires where'e're ſhe flies.*
"*To every eye a Goddeſt ſhe confeſt,*
"*By all the Heavenly Nation ſhe is bleſt:*
"*And each with ſecret joy admits her to his breaſt.*
"*Madam your new Commands I come to know,* [to her bowing]
"*If yet you can have any where I go:*
"*If to the Regions of the dead they be,*
"*You take the ſpeedieſt courſe to ſend by Me.*

Here *Almanzor* is a little *Heroick* to compare himſelf to *Jupiter* and his *Miſtreſs* to a *maudlin Venus* that comes a whining to him. But obſerve the riſing of the Fancy: *Almanzor* is the *Thunderer*, in the firſt lines, and his Miſtreſs the *petitioning Venus*. But in the laſt ſhe's the *Thunderer*, and he the *Venus*: there he begs her commands, nay and is ſo far from the *God* he was in the firſt line, that poor mortal he's going to the *Regions of the dead.* But one thing I muſt not paſs by of the Authors *Plot* here. This *Scarfe* which ſhe weares ſhe gives *Almanzor*, which makes the buſineſs of a whole act with *Jealouſies*, and *rants*, and *Conundrums* in *Boabdelins* Pate who firſt gave it her as a token of his Love, A very great preſent from a King to a Queen. A *Hood* a *ſuite of knots*, or a *pare of Pendants* had been as noble. But he remembred a *jealouſie* occaſiond by a *Handkercher* in the *Moor of Venice*: and ſo enlarged upon that foundation as wittily as a man could deſire.

[ Muly Hamet *has a Ring given him by virtue of which he viſits the Queen Mother where he ſurprizes* Crimalhaz *and her a ſleep together. Firſt 'tis to be conſiderd that the Emperor, gave this Ring in publick, ſo the Queen and* Crimalhaz *had fair warning of their danger.* ]

The

The *Emperors* Signet was given him in the preſence of his *Queen* his *Siſter* and ſome *Nobility* that attended him, now would I ask Mr. *Commentator* which of theſe was *Crimalhaz* his confident in his Intrigue with *Laula*, or which ſhould be the *Pimp* to give him this warning, beſides 'tis not ſix Minutes after the recept of this Ring before he viſits the Queen, and he muſt be very nimble that ſhould carry the *Intelligence* before him, [ *But then how could* Muly Hamet *get into the Queens Lodgings without the notice of ſome of her Attendants*, ] now pray why muſt *all her Attendants* be privy to *hers* and *Crimalhaz* his interview. The Author tells you that *Achmat* the Eunuch introduced him. But ſays he [ *why did he not ſtop him he knew what was doing within*, ] Now does he think ſuch a Fellow at the Surprize of ſo *great a perſon*, and ſo *Commanding an Authority* as the *Kings Signet* durſt oppoſe his Entrance. [ *But how came* Crimalhaz *to the Queens reſcue he had not the Emperors Signet too. Did he drop from the Clouds* ] what does this Critick take a Seraglio for, a *Peſt-Houſe*: a building ſet out of the *Common walk* of mankind? the Seraglio was an *apartment* in the *Pallace*. How impoſſible then is it that *Crimalhaz* might fortunately be within the hearing of the Queens ſuppoſd out-cry: and wherein lyes the impoſſibility of a Gentlemans running in to a *Ladys reſcue* though on *forbidden ground*. [ *But* Muly Hamet *ſays nothing in his defence to the purpoſe*, ] what ſhould he ſay? he tells you.

*My ſingle voice a vain defence will make,*
*Where ſo much witneſs and a Mother ſpeak.*

[ *A very well bred Heroe to be hang'd in pure reſpect to her who accuſed him.* ]

*Believe me her intended Raviſher,*
*Appearing ſo I take the guilt from her!*
*Their falſe Impeachments do this comfort bring,*
*That I may wear that Cloud would ſhade a King.*

Now wherein is his fault in deſiring to appear guilty for the ſaving of a *Kings Honour*? or wherein has he any probable means of clearing himſelf, pleading but in his *own cauſe*, againſt the *Chaſtity* of the *Kings Mother* too.

[ But *Muly Hamet* offers the *duel* to *Crimalhaz* in theſe words. ]

*To this Adulterer your leave afford,*
*To vindicate his Treaſon by his Sword:*
*That Juſtice by my hand may give him death,*
*And ſtiffle with his blood his perjured breath.*

[ *The King who always takes things in the wrong inſtead of granting the Combat to* Muly Hamet, *thinks his offering it a proof of his guilt, in theſe words.* ]

*If you this raſh attempt perſue,*
*You'l make me credit what he ſays is true.*

[ *That is, if you offer to clear your ſelf I ſhall conclude you guilty: admirably argued.* ] Yes indeed *admirably*. As if his *Conquering Crimalhaz* ( if the duel had been granted ) had been a *confirmation* of his *Innocence*. He's for his *Knight-errantry* agen, amongſt his *Zulema*, and *Hamet*, *Almanzor*, and *Oſmyn*. This is a great proof of a mans *Innocence*. Then all Valiant men can commit no *Capital* crime, if the *daring to fight may* clear 'em. For if they are *Innocent* they are *fooles* if they do not

fight their *Accusers*: if *guilty* they are *madmen*; for if they submit to the *Law* they must *dye*: but in a *Duel* they have an *even chance* for their *lives*, besides if they fall in a *Duel*, they dye more *honourably* then by a *sentence*.

[ *But why should the Queen Mother, be the woman that should save* Muly Hamet, *against her own Character and Interest.* ]

*But hold! the King will then my cheat descry:*
*I wish his death, who tamely see him dye.*

[ *What reason had she to care if the King knew she desired* Muly Hamets *death for attempting a rape upon her.* ] Yes dear heart, 'tis both agreeing with her Character and Interest to save him. First to make his *attempt* of Ravishing her more *probable*, she did not say that *Muly Hamet flew upon her without any provocation*, [ as Bays observes ] for she confesses she used him so kindly (as above twenty lines, which she speaks, affirm) that she was partly an accessary to his attempt, by his mistaking her kind usage for *Love* which was only *Civility*: and therefore by the rules of her Character which was to *appear a Saint* to her Son, she would not seem consenting to the *Punishment* of a Crime will she had in some respect been *Instrument* to. Besides it was much for the clearing her *Innocence* to beg her accusers life, for by that she seem'd to defie all *Arguments* that possible he if he lived might make out towards the *clearing himself*, and the *impeaching her*.

[ *But* Mariamnes *freeing* Muly Hamet *in Prison because he had been false to Love, and would have Ravisht her Mother is a senseless Generosity.* ] The reason the Poet gives you in the Play is not so senseless.

Mar. *Sir you mistake my kindness. I have lent*
*Your freedom onely as your Banishment,*
*That being releast you might* Morocco *fly,*
*Removed at once both from my heart and eye,* &c.

[ *But how knew she he was in Prison, she was not by when he was committed, and yet within twelve lines has bribed his Jaylour for his Delivery.* ]

What a mighty *leap* is here. Pray let me know how *Cortez* when he found *Orbellan* in his Tent, could be supposed with only changing the Scene, and not one word spoken to go out of his *Pavilion*, and *reenter* farr enough from the *Camp* for a *General* to *fight a Duel*; especially when 'tis supposed a Generals Tent lyes in the heart of the Camp, and the *Taxallans* Army was so numerous. But when all's done, [ *here's a Babel for a Morocco* ] and to have made it a greater *heap of confusion* he tells you in a reprinted *Errata*, that there should be more of his Notes, a whole sheet being lost at the Press; but 'tis such a loss that his Generous Reader no doubt will pardon, which is a favour those sheets which are not lost can hardly expect.

Lydia Hare

POST-

# POSTSCRIPT.

TO talke in our Authors Poſtſcript ſtyle of ſuch Jimcracks as [Mathematical Philoſophical, and Muſical headpeices for the compleating an excellent Poet;] or to anſwer him in Trigonometrical, Metaphyſical, and Monochordical Fuſtian is not to the purpoſe. Nor is the anſwering of his Errata on the Epiſtle worth the while, there being ſo little appearance of ſenſe in it, except his proveing a triſle, and a Libel to be the ſame thing, which is the cheife head of the Diſcourſe, moſt part of his objections againſt particular lines through the Play, being before examined amongſt their Neighbours. All the Apology I have to make is to beg ſome of my Readers pardons for the length of the Book, moſt part of mankind being before convinced of the invalidity of moſt of his idle Cavils, who conſequently will eſteem the examination of the whole ſuperfluous. But all I can ſay for the tediouſneſs of this Pamphlet is, that (as Mr. *Dryden* ſays of *Elkanahs* Play, [*ſeveral people are delighted with the ſound of Robuſtuous nonſenſe*]) ſo ſome few that read his *Pamphlet* may take the ſame pleaſure in *Feeble nonſenſe*, and for ought I know be cheated into an eſteem of any thing that comes from ſo received an Author as a *Dryden*. And therefore to diſabuſe them, has been the occaſion of ſwelling the Book. In all the faults I have muſtred againſt Mr. *Drydens Granada*, or any other of his writings I declare I have not objected any thing but what I think a groſs miſtake, Bombaſt, or humble nonſenſe. Had I retorted like him, I might have made ſuch an examination of a whole Play as I have done of his Deſcription of Ships in the Indian Emperor, and no doubt it might have met with the ſame ſucceſs as his Notes upon *Morocco*.

FINIS.

# POSTSCRIPT.

## ERRATA.

IN the Second Page of the Preface Line the 8. for *retort upon read reply to*, ibid. l. 29. r. abuses to, p. 8. l. 6. for *doubtless* r. *hopeless*, p. 15. l. 1. and l. 3. r. *Sickwickness*, p. 30. l. 26. r. *Looks*, p. 34. l. 24. Dele. *yet nothing, &c.* p. 36. l. 25. r. *Godsome*, p. 39. l. 40. for *England* r. *Christendom*, p. 40. l. 84 place *viz.* at the beginning of the Line, p. 43. l. 7. for *where* r. *were*, p. 44. l. 20. r. King, p. 49. l. 8. r. his Pamphlet, p. 51. l. 35. r. yet such, p. 60. l. 27. r. *A much different kindness from him to what*, ibid. 37. r. is his, p. 77. l. 20 Dele. *the*, p. 80. l. 26. r. In the, p. 81. l. 7. r. *Yet Tides do not wind in Volumes, but come directly back (if their Current lyes straight.)* This Errata is corrected through half the Impression, p. 83. l. 24. r. *which* for *with*, 84. l. 1. for *wars* r. *war's*.